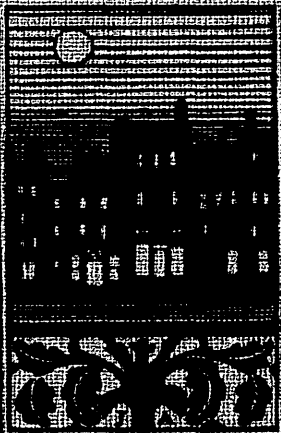


The
BURDEN *of* CITY

BY ISABELLE HORTON



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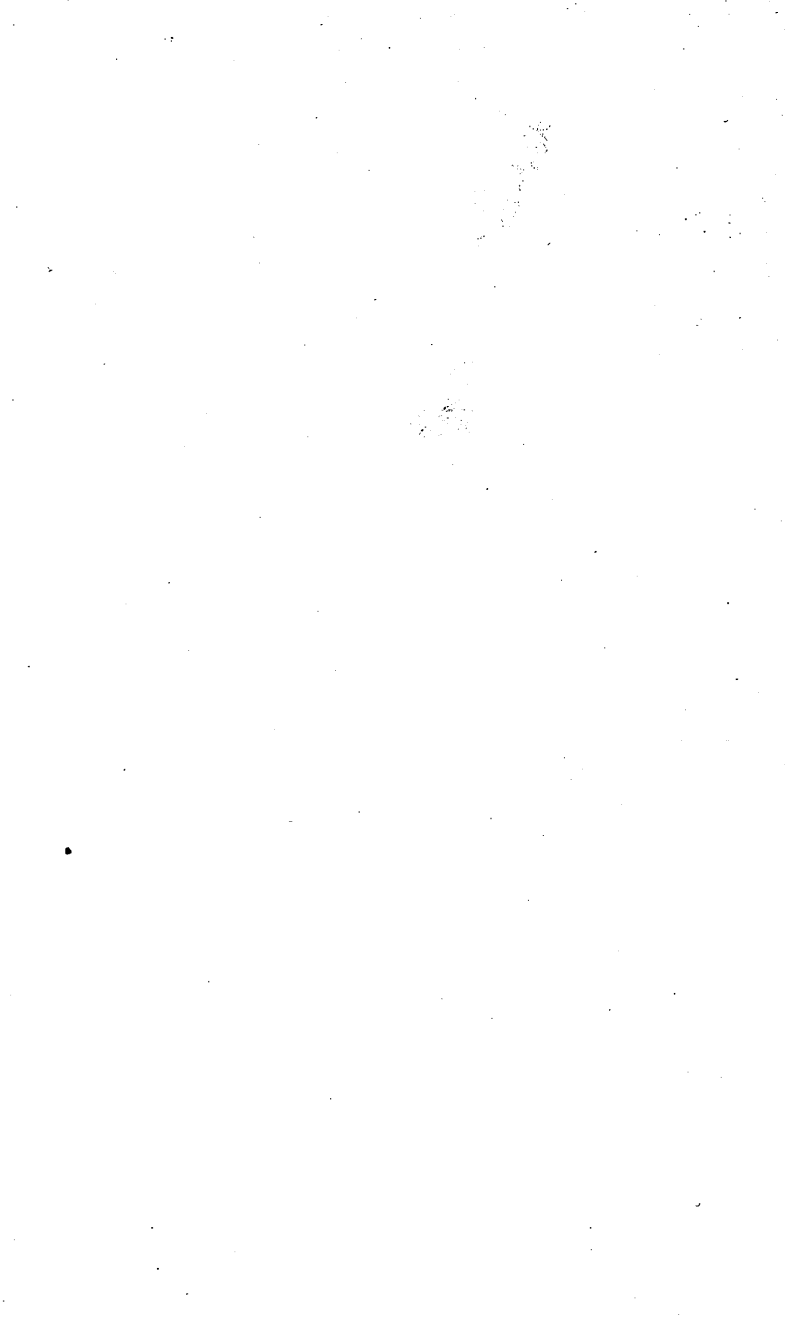
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THE BURDEN OF THE CITY

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[Inter-denominational]

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Home Mission Study Course

[Inter-denominational]

The Burden of the City

By

ISABELLE HORTON

*Superintendent of Social and Educational Work in
Halsted Street Institutional Church, Chicago*

"There doth not live
Any so poor but he may give;
Any so rich but must receive."



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Home Missions is only another name for Christian sagacity and patriotism. We must rediscover the foundations of this Republic through missionary work, and strengthen our belief in the future of our commonwealth.

To save the children is to fortress society, and to man the redoubt with resistless power. The rest of my life will be devoted to work in the midst of the problems of the city. The time is too short and the opportunity too splendid to deal with the problems of American life in any other way.

—*F. W. Gunsaulus.*

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From the Editorial Committee

A YEAR'S use of the initial volume of the inter-denominational Home Mission Study Course has demonstrated beyond a doubt that there is a demand for such a course, and, conversely, that the study intensifies the demand. It is a great pleasure, therefore, to be able to offer to the rapidly increasing number of women actively interested in home missions a text-book from the pen of one fitted by practical experience not only to describe "the burden of the city" but to suggest numberless ways in which that burden may be lightened, and to give definite help in directing the efforts of workers towards that much-desired end.

The full meaning of this book will not be discovered merely by reading it. Miss Weise's experience, so graphically told in its closing chapter, is more than a story. Home missionary women will not gather from these pages all which they contain for them if they fail to carry into realization—not the plans themselves, perhaps, but that better thing which grows out of plans presented by some one else, their adaptation to the personal environment. It is earnestly hoped that the minds of the readers of this book will have the characteristics of both a furnace and

a mould—a furnace receiving for re-combination the multiform plans and hints and helps that the writer presents—a mould in which are shaped, from these, new modes of thought and speech and action.

In this connection we desire especially to emphasize the purpose of the book as a means of inspiring in all women interested in home mission work a just conception of the value of the deaconess as a strong force in meeting the difficulties that beset us in conducting and carrying forward aggressive Christian work among the needy and desolate of our large cities. . The services of these quiet-garbed women reach into very heart contact with those who most need counsel, encouragement and help, both material and spiritual, and their work cannot be too strongly recommended to the organized Woman's Home Missionary societies of the church.

FOREWORD

IT is worthy of note that the most characteristic word used in any discussion of present day conditions is problem. We have our "social problems," our "tramp problems," our "labor problems," our "problems of the poor," and a score of others.

This signifies a most encouraging frame of mind on the part of society at large. It means that the public is beginning to "take notice"—to consider—to look into the reasons of things. The only really hopeless state of mind is that in which one believes he has nothing to learn. Through the ages there have been questions relating to human life to which time and strength have been working out answers, and for which they must continue yet longer to work before a full solution of some can be reached. Religious, political and other problems have taken different forms in the different centuries. In the nineteenth and twentieth have been added social and industrial problems which are the development not only of the more complicated conditions of a rapidly progressing civilization, but also of the advancing thought of that civilization which, leading to a quickened conscience, observes these conditions and seeks relief for that which is evil.

Yes, we have our problems. Great cities are growing greater by leaps and bounds, and they harbor that which must give occasion for grave concern. Souls do not come into the kingdom at the ringing of the church bell. Poverty does not decrease by almsgiving. And from the black haunts of suffering and woe there come mutinous voices as threatening as the rumblings from the heart of a thundercloud. They threaten the safety of the rich; they set at defiance the authority of the church; they bode danger to our very civilization and our national existence.

It is not within the province of this volume to settle these problems. The reader will close it, perhaps, with a sense of unrest deeper than that with which he began. But if, with the unrest, there comes also a deeper sense of responsibility, the book will not have failed of its mission. Its problems may be problems still, but when the conscience of society is aroused regarding any wrong there is hope for its betterment.

Time is not lost in considering problems, as such. A wise professor once said in his classroom, "If I had a problem in mathematics to solve, and my life depended upon my solving it within five minutes, I should spend the first three in reading it." There has been much ecclesiastical and philanthropic tinkering with conditions of whose real meaning and cause the tinkerers were as ignorant as babes. Not until we understand something of the inter-relations of poverty, sin, ignorance and false social standards, can we

begin to grapple with them successfully. And even past and present failures may help to such an understanding.

There is no attempt in these pages even to discuss those wider social problems whose solution demands concerted or legislative action. These must be left to the social reformers who are struggling with them, wisely or other-wisely. They are of vital importance, and all good people must feel an interest in their righteous solution; but each projected reform has its champions among the giants of thought and literature, and each has its following. These pages are dedicated rather to the good women who, with hearts anchored to home and its duties, still look out pityingly into the big, sorrowful world beyond and long to reach out helping hands to their brothers and sisters.

Leaving the deeper questions then for the masters of thought, we are to consider some of the conditions that make city missions necessary, and a few of the experiments that are being worked out with greater or less success for the improvement of that part of society variously known as the "submerged tenth," the "masses," the "great unwashed" or the "other half."

THE BURDEN OF THE CITY

THE CALL OF THE CITY

The fields stretch far to the rim of the day,
And afar to the rising sun,
The valleys between bear lilies white
As the snood of a cloistered nun;
The winds of heaven, untrammelled and sweet,
Fan meadow and fen and fall —
But ever and ever the wind fares forth
With its burden, the city's call.

The maid who dreams by the side of the brook
That flows from the niche in the hill,
Heeds not that the bird on the blossoming spray
Sits mute to hear her trill
The tender lilt of an old love song,
For she catches the throng's acclaim
In the voice of the brook and the whispering breeze —
They bring her the message of fame.

The youth with his hand on the stubborn plow,
As furrow on furrow he turns,
Bares his head to the tempter breeze
And a wondrous fire there burns
In the depths of his steadfast, grave young eyes
As he stands there strong and tall —
For over the hush of the fallow field
Comes stealing the city's call.

Faint and far, like a thing of dreams,
With palace and mart and spire,
With the tread of a million hurrying feet,
With hope and regret and desire —
The city lies and it calls with a voice
That touches men's souls with fire.

—*Boston Transcript.*

I

THE BURDEN OF THE CITY

MANY and wise are the explanations given as to how cities came to be. That primitive man sought protection from both four-footed and two-footed foes is quite probable; also that very early the ties of a common kindred bound men together in groups or clans. But when all is said we cannot get much farther than that there has existed and does exist a special instinct which prompts men to draw together—to seek the association of their fellows. It may be an association of love or of selfishness. One may seek the town for social companionship; another may plunge into the marts of trade for the excitement of competition and the love of supremacy. It may be merely the instinctive love of life, with which we are endowed by the Creator, prompting to seek the “abundant life” of the great metropolis. Its shops, its factories, its schools, its massive buildings, its prancing steeds and rushing trains, the “endless flood of humanity pouring ceaselessly up and down,” the “vague, indefinable delight at being one of a great multitude”—all this fullness of life seems like a magnet to draw the individual irresistibly into itself.

Loomis, in "Modern Cities," says: "All effort to arrest the progress of cities and to check the tide of population that continually flows into them must be fruitless. The great social movements of the age cannot be stopped." From Cain, who first "builded a city"—sinister omen—to the last farmer who has rented his fertile acres and retired to the nearest village, it is the same. There is a centripetal force in the human cosmos.

But this very inevitableness carries with it hope and courage. If this tendency be a universal law, it is of God, and therefore good. No matter what Babel of discordant voices accompanies the transition period, in the end—the far away end—discord must give place to harmony, love must conquer selfishness, and the city builded by Cain must give place to the city "whose builder and maker is God."

"BACK TO THE SOIL"

It is necessary to see and accept this truth in order to study present conditions sympathetically, and to work courageously. The farmer's wife finds it impossible to secure suitable "help" in her kitchen. Yet she knows that in the city are thousands of girls earning a mere pittance in shops and factories. The farmer himself reads of the seething life of the great city, its population crowded tier on tier in sunless tenements, and then he looks over his sun-bathed, wind-swept acres and says, "Why do they stay there?"

Let them come out into God's country where there is room and work for all." And straightway he hardens his heart against the touch of pity. And yet the farmer himself as he becomes prosperous will rent the farm and move with his family into the nearest village, where he can daily look into the faces of his fellows and cross swords of argument with them in post-office or store. With better judgment and greater strength of purpose he is still obeying the same impulse as did the poor Irishwoman of the slums whom a charitable society tried to transplant into the country. Work and friends were found for the woman in her new environment, but within two weeks she was back again in her old haunts, ragged, dirty and wretched as ever.

"Could you not find work enough?" she was asked.

"Yis, work a-plenty."

"Didn't you have enough to eat and to wear?"

"Oh, yis, plenty to ate."

"Then what made you come back?" was the rather impatient query.

"Paples is more coompany than sthumps," she answered with dignity, and the answer contains volumes of philosophy for the charity worker. Probably there are few persons who have actively interested themselves in the problems of the poor who have not at least once tried this same experiment of transplanting the city product "back to the soil," with like discouraging result.

It is as useless to try to overcome this centralizing impulse, or to rail at it, as to attempt to teach water to flow up hill. Yet water can, under certain conditions, be made to flow up hill, and it is well that every effort should be made to bring the city dweller in contact with nature. Whatever great and far-reaching good is being worked out by Him who counts not days nor seasons, it surely is not His will that even to-day women toil in foul, dark rooms, and children have but rat-infested passageways and filthy alleys for their playgrounds. Not bodies alone, but souls, are fettered here, and it is of God that we try to break every yoke—yokes of ignorance and weakness and soul-blindness as well as of sin; yet when failures come, as they often will, the wise laborer will not be utterly cast down, recognizing that we are in the sweep of a great world movement controlled by a power that works for good. Then, too, one can exercise the necessary patience and sympathy with perverted human nature only as he begins to understand that it is not wholly responsible for its environment and the resultant consequences upon character.

COUNTRY *vs.* CITY

The sweep of population to the cities, and the counter sweep of the better class of urban population from the centre to the suburbs has occupied the attention of sociologists for the past twenty-five years, and yet it is a daily marvel to the student of present day conditions. The

church is fairly bewildered by it and the missionary finds that it makes his efforts, at times, seem almost fruitless. The majority of city churches have failed, thus far, in adapting themselves to the changing conditions, and have practically beat a retreat before the oncoming hordes of the down-town districts.

From whence do they come—the tumultuous horde of human beings that crowd into the manufacturing and commercial districts—those for whom the cheap tenement is built, and who fill to overflowing the deserted and decaying palaces of the rich? How do they live? What are their hopes and fears? What necessary part do they play in the great drama of life? What becomes of them at last?

There is no question as to where the best come from. "The city," says Emerson, "is recruited from the country. The city would have died out, rotted and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday that is city and court to-day." Sociologists tell us, "Only the agricultural class possesses permanent vitality. From its overflow the city population is formed, displaced, renewed."

This inflow from the country furnishes the city with its best fibre, physically and morally. The country boy entering the city is found after a few months in some store or office or bank, or with some railroad company. The girls enter the ranks of stenographers or become office helpers,

milliners, music teachers, etc. A small proportion of these climb the ladder and are heard from in the business or social world in later years. Many—most—manage to support themselves respectably, while the weakest, those who for some inscrutable reason are always “unfortunate,” sink down through the ranks of unskilled and poorly paid labor into pauperism. These young people fresh from the country, with the “strength of the hills” in their frames and the courage of youth in their hearts, are usually found in the “boarding-house district” and within reach of the prosperous churches. Blessed are those churches who consider the needs of this class at that critical point in their careers before the country bloom has vanished and they have become absorbed by the reckless materialism of the city. Thousands upon thousands of the best young people in the land are lost to the Church and to Christianity year by year because the country church sends them to the city without proper safeguards, and the city church does not bestir itself to win and to hold them.

CITIES WITHIN CITIES

Descending in the social scale to the ranks of “unskilled” or day labor, we find a rapidly increasing ratio of foreigners. In every great metropolis there are sections—cities within the city—wholly given over to a foreign population. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, has each its “Chinatown,” its “Ghetto,” its “Little Italy,”

its "Bohemia." Passing through these sections one is confronted with signs upon shops, stores, churches and schools, in an unknown tongue and sometimes even in unknown characters. He hears a chatter of voices not one word of which he can understand. Dark-skinned women with shawls over their heads, or Chinamen with queues, regard him curiously, until he begins to wonder whether he be not himself the foreigner.

One hundred years ago we were a people of 4,000,000 souls and were substantially of one blood. Fifty years later, when our population had increased to 32,000,000, we were still practically an English-American people. Up to 1840 our total immigration from all quarters had not exceeded half a million.

But during the next thirty years we received in round numbers 6,000,000 foreigners. Dr. Clark, in "Leavening the Nation," says: "Driven, on the one hand, by famines and oppressions at home; drawn, on the other, by the demands of labor in a new and rapidly developing country, by liberal homestead laws and cheap transportation, they came and continued coming—every comer making himself an agent to bring others—often sending home money for the passage—until for continuous years at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, immigrants were arriving at a rate of from five hundred to a thousand a day. They were mostly Catholics from Ireland, and the burden thus suddenly thrown upon the American Catholic Church

burden of

was greater than it could well carry. Upon the immigrants the sudden lifting of old world restraints was so relaxing in its effects that thousands of good Catholics were at this time lost to the church, which was not ready then, as it became at a later period, to . . . shepherd them."

It should be remarked in passing that the Catholic Church, despite its own dissatisfaction with itself, can give points to most Protestant churches in the matter of "shepherding" its own as well as gathering in those outside the fold. With its magnificent organization, its hundreds of institutions for the care of the children, the aged and the sick, and a devoted sisterhood consecrating life and fortune to the cause, it holds the fort in the down-town districts and has good grounds for asserting its claim to be called the "working man's church."

Next in volume to this first flood of immigration from Ireland was the German invasion, which, so far as it possessed any faith at all, was chiefly Lutheran, largely intermingled with infidelity and irreligion.

With the virile progressiveness of the Saxon and Celtic races, these Irish and German invasions, with a large Swedish contingent, pushed on, seeking openings and opportunities in the great West, largely along agricultural lines.

Since 1885, the tides of immigration have set in from southern Europe and have become most serious and threatening. In March, 1904, over 10,000 immigrants were landed at Ellis Island,

New York, in a single day. The next day 15,000 more arrived on seven steamers. During the entire month, 51,000 were received in New York alone, and in the month of May, 70,417.

These immigrants are mostly Poles, Russians, Italians, Austrians and Hungarians. They bring with them poverty, illiteracy and low ideals. Instead of projecting themselves through the country, mingling with other peoples and acquiring our language and civilization, they tend to huddle together by nationalities in the great cities, oftenest near the seaboard.

The best students of social conditions assert that under present tendencies the close of this quarter-century will see the bulk of our population in our great cities. This means that the cities will be the controlling power in the nation. How essential, then, that the dominant power within them should "make for righteousness!"

SOUTHERN CITIES

In the South the sudden and overwhelming growth of the modern city was not so marked as to attract serious attention until it was disclosed by the census of 1900. Since that time the South has shared with the North in the great migratory sweep of population West and South, converging in the cities. There is, however, this difference, advantageous to the southern cities, that the migration into the southern seaboard states consists largely of native-born Americans who have been, in a sense, crowded out of the East

and North by the flood of foreigners. The most important effect of this fact from the missionary standpoint is that there is less of the Roman Catholic element to contend with than in the North. A leading minister of the South says in a public address on "The Problems of the Home Field," "There is one decidedly hopeful feature in connection with this problem as it affects the South. By the census of 1900 nearly fifty per cent. of the voters of the South were members of the Protestant Church, while in the northern states there was only twenty-two per cent. In the state of South Carolina seventy per cent. of the voters were members of the Protestant Church, whereas in the State of Maine there was a drop to eighteen per cent. With the stronger allegiance to the Church in our section of the country, and by taking time by the forelock, conditions are far more favorable towards a permanent entrenchment of Protestant Christianity in our manufacturing centres and in all our densely populated districts than is true of any portion of the North or West."

Often there are set in motion waves of influence which affect indirectly the movements of population. The resuming of operations upon the Panama Canal is such an event, in that it will doubtless bring new tides of immigration into the South, especially into the Gulf cities, and put them face to face with conditions possibly even more serious than those which threaten the seaboard cities of New England. Miss Helm of

Our Homes (organ of the Woman's Home Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South) says in a stirring editorial:

It is probable that Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Tampa, and possibly other towns, will become great commercial marts through which the traffic between the eastern and western worlds will pass, and hence become converging foci of the streams of immigration flowing into this country. Homes, lodging-houses, schools, churches, provisions of every kind, will be in such demand in the next two decades as to endanger the sanitary and moral condition of these cities. The overcrowded tenement houses of London and New York will be duplicated, and with the same fearful results, unless state and municipal laws are enacted that will grapple with the danger in time.

Then, with this rush and swirl of population and trade that will be called "growth" and "prosperity," all the problems of godlessness will be intensified beyond anything we have yet seen in our southern cities. Drunkenness, debauchery, poverty, ignorance, disease, shame! What will the Church of God do to meet these conditions? It would be weakness and folly to wait until the forces of the enemy have possessed the land before we rally our forces to meet them. The example of other cities that have been submerged should be a frightful warning to us.

The churches should join hands in making these strategic points strongholds for Christ before it is too late. Church members must be educated to see the need and feel the responsibility. Workers must be trained; money must be accumulated to conduct great missionary enterprises, both saving and preventive—educational and evangelistic. The down-town church, the great mission hall, the Christian settlement, rescue homes, hospitals—all will be needed.

Women's Home Missionary Societies are by their very names designated as suitable agencies to undertake this work. They should be ready to fall in line with any advance move-

ment of the churches, or, if needs must, to take such advance step themselves. Their women should be studying the problems of city missions in all their phases; their young women should be trained as missionaries and deaconesses, that all may work together for the saving of our cities and the defense of our homes.

SPECIAL PROBLEMS

But more distressful because more immediate, even, than this coming crisis, is the negro problem—a problem confronting the North as well as the South. “The sudden appeal of an enslaved race awaking to find its day of freedom” brings with it perils and difficulties that demand the wisest statesmanship and the most Christian forbearance. With it are associated problems that may not be solved by statecraft alone. They demand the co-operation of the Christian church, armed with the wisdom that is from above. The future of the black race as well as of the white, with whom its destinies have been so tragically interwoven, must be solved chiefly by the teacher and the missionary.

The negro slums, perplexing enough in the North, assume in the South proportions and conditions that are appalling. In every city, town, and even village there is a growing tendency to segregation that produces a community within a community, not only of a different race, but one becoming more and more alienated from the white people. As the old slaveholders and ex-slaves die, the ties of mutual dependence and affectionate memories drop away and prejudice

and race antagonism make it more and more difficult for the white people to minister to such communities or to influence them in higher things. They prefer their own preachers, whether educated or ignorant, good or bad, to white missionaries, and as with the majority the idea of religion does not include ethics or industry, the moral condition of a negro community sinks lower and lower—the worst element dragging down the children of the better—until nearly every such community tends to become a hopeless slum.

Still the negro question, stupendous as it is, is less complicated than that of the foreign peoples. As Bishop Galloway says, "The negro speaks our language, reads our Bible, worships our God, believes in our flag, and will die for our country." The great apostle of industrial education for the black race, Booker T. Washington, before the National Educational Association in St. Louis, marshalled an impressive array of facts to prove that the negro responds readily to efforts for his improvement, and that through industrial training he is to work out his salvation, ethically as well as materially.

A TRINITY OF EVIL

Closely interwoven with the conditions already named, are the awful problems of intemperance, pauperism and crime. Saloons multiply as we pass from the outlying residence districts towards the centre, and are ever the thickest where

people are poorest. This does not imply that the vice of drinking is confined to the poor and the working classes. The rich have other and less public ways of indulging their appetites, although the saloon may be banished from the boulevards. But among the poorer people, where homes are dark and crowded and club houses unknown, the saloon meets many demands besides that for drink. Room where a man may rest and smoke—cool in summer, warm in winter—a bit of “free” lunch, a free forum for the interchange of views on all subjects from the last act of Congress to the robbery next door—these attract the man as he comes wearied from the day’s toil, even without the drink.

The saloon has been called the “poor man’s club.” It is his club under conditions which make it almost a substitute for the home. Often his home is dark, dirty, and crowded with children and tubs. The food is innutritious and unappetizing. There is the constant craving that comes from unsatisfied hunger, and it is easy and natural for the boy to become a tippler and the man a drunkard. Drink is not more a cause of poverty than it is an effect; but cause and effect are retroactive. Each tends to produce and intensify the other, while drink and poverty combined lead inevitably to either pauperism or crime; and so the awful work goes on.

The “fearful statistics” of this crime against civilization, overwhelming as they are, cannot tell the story. The missionary sees it in appall-

ing iteration as she goes her rounds. She finds the squalid homes, the lifeless despair of the women, the neglected children, bearing in their baby faces the awful marks of degeneracy, and back of all—the visitor knows without the asking—is the old, old story, “My man, he drinks.” In those words all is told—the strong form weakened and degraded, the shuffling step, the sullen temper, the frequent absences from home, sometimes prolonged into months, the terror of the absence scarcely less than the terror of the home-coming, all the terrible, swift sinking of a home into the blackness of darkness. “Didn’t you know he drank when you married him?” It is the last, futile protest of the helpless helper. “Why *do* women marry men who drink?”

“Oh, lady, he did not drink then—not to get drunk. Of course he drank his beer; but he didn’t use to get drunk when I married him.”

It is always “of course,” though, recognizing the unaccountable prejudice of “church folks” against beer they keep the fact, as well as the pitcher, in the background until circumstances discover it. But this is rather a courtesy to the visitor than confession of guilt in the matter.

“My man must drink beer,” said one woman defensively. “He works in the furnace room and sweats all the time. He would die if he did not drink beer.” The man was a converted drunkard and was conscientiously trying, as was his wife, to live up to the church standard; but naturally he had occasional lapses.

"Can't he drink water?"

"Water?" with a look of horror. "Seven, eight quarts every day? Water is no good to stop the awful thirst. He would be sick to drink so much."

"Then barley water—lemonade—coffee?" But the woman shakes her head. These things are not at hand and the beer is. Beer fulfills all requirements, and beer it must be.

"I often go into that café across the street," said a car conductor to his motorman, "and get a cup of their hot bouillion. It warms me up and is almost as good as a lunch."

"As good as a glass of beer?" asked the motorman innocently. Just here is the situation. From their view-point beer is cordial, food, stimulant, and, if taken in sufficient quantities, forgetfulness of troubles. It is cheap and always at hand. The truly "good" man is he who also provides a generous supply for the wife and children at home.

It is useless to attempt to analyze the relations between intemperance, pauperism and crime. It is enough that for the most part they stand or fall together, and that all have their lurking places in the city slums. It is there they must be fought with every weapon that Christian civilization can provide.

On a certain street in a great city, where the social vice reeks and festers, five, eight, and in places even eleven saloons stand side by side, and from the windows above peep brazen faces.

There are no stores in that neighborhood—only the gilt balls of the pawn-shop and a few fly-infested groceries. All the demands of life are narrowed down to drink and lust. Humanity can reach no deeper depths than this. Everywhere the open saloon marks the hurrying pace of humanity on its downward way. Banished from the protected homes on the boulevards, it flaunts in gilded splendor where men gather in the great business centres. It multiplies as people grow poorer; it prospers exceedingly as crime is added to poverty; it reigns supreme where humanity has sunk into the lowest mire of beastliness.

Facts and figures, arguments and statistics, have been hurled at society and the church for the past fifty years in damning evidence, and still the ruin goes on, because—there's money in it. If words could be coined so burning and bitter that they would bite like poisoned arrows into the heart and conscience, they should be used to tell the history of this fiend of drink that hastens men into poverty and drives them into crime.

“OUT OF A JOB”

But even aside from the temptations of drink, the steps down from self-respecting poverty into pauperism are fatally easy. Under present social conditions life is a scramble on an inclined plane. A few of the strongest reach positions of security at the top; others barely maintain the struggle; many must be swept down into the abyss.

A family was found one winter day in desperate straits. The wife was prostrated under the double burden of motherhood and the task of supporting the family. Five children, the youngest an infant, were absolutely starving. The father, a weak but well-meaning man, had been for some time a victim of the drink habit, but was honestly trying to reform. It was most desirable that the family should not be further pauperized by charity, and as the daily papers were loudly insisting that times were good and there was "work for all," he was sent to the Bureau of Charities with a note detailing the circumstances and especially requesting that, if possible, work be found for him at once. He returned with a card and the information that if there should chance to come a snow-storm he might report with the card at a certain address and, if he were in season, he would probably be given a day's work shovelling snow. Rather a forlorn hope for a man with a starving family on his hands! A sufficient number of such experiences will shake the foundations of the firmest faith in newspaper "good times."

"The submerged tenth!" The words are pathetic—tragical. It means that one person out of every ten is overwhelmed by a great tidal wave of misfortune. It means that he is down and cannot rise. It may mean that he is too far gone even to want to rise. In London, it is said, one out of every four dies dependent upon charity.

In the four greatest American cities one in every ten is buried in the potter's field.

SEEDS OF ANARCHY

The daily papers—and it is our boast that the American workman reads the daily paper—exploit the wanton extravagance of the “smart set.” There are balls and dinners where enough money is spent for flowers to place whole families beyond want for their natural lives. There are frivolous fancies for which are paid a king's ransom. The infant heir of one family is smothered in costly christening gifts of which he has no comprehension and which he cannot enjoy. At the same time the piano is loaded with presents for the pug dog, among which is a diamond-studded collar and a box of superfine note paper bearing the name of the pampered pug and the family crest.

Think what would be the mental attitude of a poor man who is not a philosopher, not a stoic, not an educated man trained to reason, only a poor foreigner out of employment who sees himself and, worse, his wife and children, brought to starvation in a land of plenty, when he reads or hears of such wasteful, nay, absurd, extravagance. Would it be any wonder if he turned upon society, as a wounded thing turns upon that which crushes it, with venom and sting?

An honest working man does not want alms but justice. He resents the idea of charity in the modern acceptance of the term, and demands of

society the right to provide for himself and his family by the strength of his own right arm. But he realizes keenly that any slight turn of the wheel of fortune may make beggars of himself and his loved ones; that, allowing for the ups and downs that naturally come into every family history, he cannot by his best efforts provide against sickness and old age. Is it any wonder if he feels that there is still something radically wrong with the social order? Untaught to think or to reason broadly—and few of us would reason dispassionately upon an empty stomach—his passions are stirred by demagogues who, with specious appeals to what is really the best in the man, his manhood and his independence, incense him against the existing order of things as the sole cause of his wrongs. The representatives of the churches are a few small missions that he never enters. He may have had glimpses of their magnificent piles of gray stone on the avenues, and of the well-dressed people who worship there. Being outside of his ken, he naturally associates them with the unfeeling rich. There are not wanting those who tell him that the church is no friend to the poor man. Will he not believe it?

The great cities of our land are a spectacle to gods and men of corruption and misrule. New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Chicago rival each other in the unsavory distinction of being the worst governed cities on the globe. Smaller cities follow in their footsteps. From the alder-

man grown great by "graft," to the corner policeman who shuts his eyes on the gambling dens and brothels for a consideration, the poor man sees laws made by law-breakers, and executed by criminals. Is it any wonder if he reasons it out in his own mind that it would be quite as well if we had no laws at all?

Anarchy and nihilism are the natural outgrowth of dark ages of tyranny and oppression. There have been ages when the poor were trampled upon and despised; when feudal chiefs and overlords grew rich upon their tears, their pain and their blood. But times are changing—have changed. The rich are realizing their responsibilities; the oppressed are feeling their power. Yet still there is injustice, still there are pain and poverty and unpaid toil, and still there will be the bitterness of strife between rich and poor, until the Gospel of Christ shall come to both with the message of peace. Let us rejoice, even in the strife, that it is the bitterness of living, not of dying; it is the strife of progress, not of retrogression and decay.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CHURCH

When our primeval forests had fallen before the settler's ax and the virgin soil was laid bare to the sun, new and strange growths ran riot over it. Sometimes the undergrowth was cleared by burning and the following season the "fireweed" would sweep the blackened acres with its purple bloom. This in turn would disappear

under the farmer's plow to make room for the seed-sowing. The anarchy of the dagger and firebrand is but the "fireweed" of our civilization, the natural exuberance of a soil teeming with the passion and pain of life, too full of power to lie fallow. The cure lies with the Church of Christ. If she will but recognize her opportunity in time, she may in the future reap from this very soil the peaceable fruit of righteousness. But there must be no shrinking of labor, no stinting of sacrifice. The very life of Christ must be made manifest in the power of its love and patience, though it cost sweat of brow, and heart, and brain. These evils can never be killed out by hard words. Hate was never cured by hatred. Legislation may crush but cannot destroy them. Only the power of the Gospel of Christ can overcome them, by planting love for hatred, and sacrifice for selfishness. Is the church ready to pay the price and prepare the soil for the coming of the kingdom? It must be done in faith, as the farmer looks to the future for his harvest. "God's husbandry" may require the ages for its seasons, but the prophetic soul sees in the blind struggle of the present hints of a future when socialism shall become a recognition of the universal brotherhood of mankind, and anarchy shall be lost in a millennium whose only law shall be the law of love.

This migratory, shifting population of the cities—irresponsible in itself, yet gifted under our social and political system with tremendous pos-

sibilities for evil—this foreign population, these “unchurched masses,” with all their dreadful problems of ignorance, sin and want, constitute from one-half to three-fourths of the population of our great cities. It is with them we have to do. Their burden is our burden—the burden of the city. How to lift it is the problem awaiting solution by the Church of Christ. It is the problem of the century, and upon its solution wait the industries, the governments, the very existence of our civilization.

No other cities in the world have been called upon to face a condition so difficult and so complex, since to the barriers of class and social position are added here the barriers of a score of different races and languages, and also the estrangement of a form of religion incompatible with our national ideals and democratic institutions. “Our problem is the city, intensified by the perplexities of every race and region of the whole world. For childhood, for womanhood, for manhood; for home, industry, education, religion, social order; for charity, for government, for art, for commerce, for life, the American city has problems more intense, more far-reaching than have ever taxed the mind or tested the heart of humanity in all the ages.”

There is one power, and only one, that can redeem these masses, and, saving them, save our cities and our nation from the materialism into which they are drifting, a materialism that leads by the short way into degeneracy and political

anarchy; one bond which alone can bind together the rich and the poor; one only power that can hope to cope with the grasping greed of the one party and the recklessness and degradation of the other, and this is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is true that the masses are not seeking salvation by the Gospel way. It is true that even where the church still holds the territory it does not always hold the people. It is true that thus far, with notable exceptions, the church has significantly failed to "reach the masses." But failure is not necessarily defeat. The church had grown confident with prosperity. It was complacently counting its own millions, rather than the millions of the lost world outside. It was devoting itself to its theologies, its self-culture, its star-searchings, and the rapid onslaught of alien hordes took it unawares. Often a temporary defeat is needful to rouse to a sense of danger and the greatness of the emergency. It is the cry, "The Philistines be upon thee!" to the sleeping giant. The church must arise and put on her strength and, counting not the cost, gird herself for a conflict that will call forth all her resources. Was the Gospel of the Lord Jesus worth so much eighteen hundred years ago that men and women joyfully gave their lives for it at the stake and in the arena, and is it not worth some sacrifice now? Is Christ so precious to-day in China that missionaries and converts will face torture and die together for His dear sake, and

can He not command even the wealth of His followers in New York and Chicago? Let the need be clearly shown, let the challenge be sounded and we shall see.

FOR THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH

Not only does the destiny of our own country depend upon what answer the church shall make to these questions, but the destiny of foreign nations as well. What will be the fate of our foreign missions when our cities have become wholly materialistic? We must "save America for the world's sake." More and more are home and foreign missions shown to be but varying phases of one problem. The heathen are within our own gates. Idolatry and all heathenish vices are in our cities, while in Japan, India, Africa, and the isles of the sea, it is American rum and English and American wickedness that offer the most serious obstacles to the progress of the missionary. Truly, "He does most to Christianize the world who does most to Christianize America, and he does most to Christianize America who does most to save our cities."

Even if the appeal of the city were not enough to stir our missionary zeal, we must rally our forces for the sake of the church itself. No Christian church worthy the name ever existed, no matter how poor, that was not a missionary church. Many a wealthy city church has degenerated into a mere religious club; many a village church has been torn into petty factions, embitt-

tered with gossip and littleness and envy, simply because it forgot that the church that seeketh its own life will lose it; while the church that gives itself for others—first for the lost ones around it, then for the homeland, then for the world—such a church grows rich with every dollar that it gives away, grows strong with every effort to lift up the fallen, glows with divine fire just in proportion as it seeks to carry its light and power to others.

The question is not alone, Can the church save the masses? but, Can the church save itself, except as it gives itself for the saving of the world? The test of the church's vitality is its power to impart life to the dead mass around it. When it ceases to give life it ceases to live. When it shall have hopelessly cut itself off from the masses it will have dug its own grave, no matter how magnificent that grave may be. Such a church may prosper as a social club, or it may maintain a formal death-in-life existence, but as a church it is worse than a failure, because it has a name to live, and is dead.

The reason is simple and not far to seek. The church can no more perform its mission as the "Body of Christ" without the power of His spirit than the electric engine can move a train, cut off from its dynamo. When the vital contact is made the most tremendous power known to man thrills its tiny arms, and it moves the great, dead, lumbering mass as easily as a child tosses a rattle.

And always the Christ spirit is the missionary spirit. The true Christian church can no more be an institution seeking merely to build itself up, than Christ could have lived seeking popularity and patronage for Himself. The church that does this is simply a human institution struggling against impossible odds. But inspired by a passionate love for humanity it is linked to the one irresistible force of the universe. What if numbers and all human probabilities are against it? It does not matter; God has always moved the world by a minority.

It is no pessimism to look discouraging facts squarely in the face, if at the same time we can look God in the face and claim Him on our side. We become discouraged only when we see difficulties and forget God.

STRONG POINTS

BY DR. JOSIAH STRONG

The city is the Gibraltar of civilization.

The city is to control the nation. Christianity must control the city; *and it will.*

The world can never be saved from misery until it is saved from sin; and it never ought to be.

If the church had faithfully inculcated the second law of Christ, she would have brought many more into obedience to the first.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" The church of Christ is fully sufficient if aroused—if her latent power is made active.

The watchword of the old era was "Rights"; that of the

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new will be "Duties." The spirit of the old was, "I am as good as you"; the spirit of the new will be, "You are as good as I."

We have exceptional difficulties to overcome. What then? Do such facts justify discouragement? A discouraged Christian is a spectacle for angels. To a mighty faith the heaping up of obstacles is only a stimulus. The higher they rise the mightier the inspiration.

The notion has prevailed that to become a truly spiritual man is to sign a quit-claim on this world and take out a mortgage on the next. But God has immense interest in this world, and an immense work to do here; and as an old proverb says, "God loves to be helped."

GOOD SIGNS

Industrial betterment is one of the main signs of present social advance. So many employers are now trying to benefit the condition of their employees that, as Dr. Strong says, "it is impossible even to chronicle, much less to describe their efforts."

A new profession has come into existence through changing relations between employers and men. The Social Secretary makes it his or her business to know the employees personally and the conditions under which they work, and how to improve them if they are not what they ought to be. The Social Secretary of a department store has organized literary and physical culture clubs among the five hundred girls. She gives them advice and befriends them in various ways. The head of the department says she is worth three times what her services cost because of the improved social atmosphere of the store and the better condition of the girls physically and mentally.

Over four hundred children who, six months before, had never seen the stars and stripes and never spoken a word of English, recently participated in a patriotic demonstration in

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New York City. These children came from Roumania, Galicia and the Polish provinces. To hear their songs as they lifted up their voices in "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue," and waved Old Glory, was enough to stir the pulse of a man of iron. An immigrant only three months over gave an address of welcome in which he expressed the hope that "the deeds done by the fathers of our country and the heroes who fought and died for it would serve as examples for us all."

Instances might be given within the writer's knowledge of the Golden Rule painted in large letters upon office walls and made the working rule of business; of workmen sending a committee to their employer and asking that their wages might be cut down sufficiently to increase his profits to a given figure; of capitalists whose great object seemed to be not to accumulate money, but to increase the intelligence, morality and physical well-being of their employees. The businesses referred to are eminently prosperous, and are not troubled with strikes and lockouts.—*Josiah Strong in The Twentieth Century City.*

A letter written by a little twelve-year-old Italian to his teacher:

"*Dear and most gracious Signora* :—I will write for you what you ask. My father has been two years in America, and he follows the trade of carpenter, and . . . he would like to make of me an honest, industrious boy, with, at the same time, a trade better than his, and he sends me to school so that when I am grown I may be an educated man and useful to others.

"Later I wish to make machines for factories, and thus have better wages than others.

"Having nothing more to say I kiss my hand to you and assure you that I am

"Your

"GIULIO."

FACTS

There is added to Chicago every year a city of 35,000, and to New York a city of 50,000.

There are from three to six times as many churches for a given population in the country as in the city.

The United States has increased its population three and one-half times since 1850, and its wealth fourteen times.

The census of 1900 gives the population of the United States as 76,303,387, of which one-third are either foreign born or the children of foreigners. The later census estimate is about 80,000,000.

The evangelical bodies of the United States trace most of their church organizations directly to home missions. Congregationalists admit that four-fifths of their churches are of home missionary origin. Home missions pay.

BIBLE LESSON

THE CITY REDEEMED

What picture does a prophet give of a city? (Nahum 3: 1-3.)

How does another prophet enlarge upon the description? (Zephaniah 3: 1-4.)

What prophet was sent to a city with a message of condemnation? (Jonah 1: 1.)

How did Ezekiel, in a vision, see the punishment of those who were indifferent to the wickedness of the city? (Ezek. 9: 1 and 4: 11.)

Who wept over a doomed city? (Matt. 23: 37.)

Why should not the Church be disheartened over the apparently hopeless condition of American cities? (2 Chron. 14: 11.)

What is the promise for those who repent? (Ezek. 36: 33.)

What has been the prophetic dream of the world since the promise to Abraham? (Heb. 11: 10.)

Read the picture of the Holy City. (Rev. 21: 10, 11, and 23-27.)

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What encouraging feature is there in the attitude of modern society towards social conditions?
2. How shall we account for the existence and startling growth of cities? What is the first mention of cities in the Bible? The last?
3. By what process does the down-town church become estranged from its environments?
4. How many years is it since foreign immigration assumed alarming proportions? What changes have taken place in the immigration of the last decade?
5. Why is the Roman Catholic Church strongest in the large cities?
6. What is the tendency of Scandinavian immigrants as to selection of homes? Germans? Irish? Bohemians? Italians? Greeks? Poles?
7. Name the prevailing religion and some race characteristic of each of these people.
8. What social conditions have been intensified by the predominance of foreign population in our cities?
9. What is the relation of the saloon to the working man and his home?
10. What conditions tend to produce the anarchy prevalent in many cities?
11. What is the comparative strength of the Catholic Church in the North and South? Why?
12. How is the Panama Canal likely to affect missions in the South?
13. What responsibility has the Church, in both city and country, for solving the city problem?
14. How are home and foreign missions inter-related?



SETTLEMENT WORK

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

“He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road.”—*Homer*.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that live apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their path
Where highway never ran —
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Nor hurl the cynic's ban.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears —
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—*Sam Walter Foss*.

II

SETTLEMENT WORK

A NOTED infidel was once asked in conversation how he thought he could improve upon the existing order of things, supposing himself in the place of Providence. He replied rather smartly, "I'd make health catching instead of colds, for one thing."

Fortunately for humanity, the remark is as untrue in spirit as it is witty in form. The world is coming to know that the good things of life are "catching," as well as the evil. Society is learning wiser social methods. As a healthful body and cheerful mind will resist physical contagion, even under dangerous circumstances, so the healthful soul will resist moral contagion. Unselfish love is the best possible antiseptic. Not only so, but it carries with it a certain divine contagion, whereby those who come in contact with it are made better. This is the "power that moves to good"—a spiritual law in a natural world. The way to save the masses is not to stand aloof and administer bitter doses of prohibitions and anathemas, but to go and live the Christlike life among them until they catch something of its inspiration and power.

Another truth has been fastening itself upon

the social conscience—that the difference in people is not, after all, so great as had been supposed. As some one puts it, “The masses are about the same as other folks, only sometimes better.” We are learning that apparent differences are often produced merely by outward conditions, and that hearts beat the same in palace and in hut; in fact, that each and every one of us is a unit in a great aggregation of “the masses.” There have always been in a few prophetic souls a sense of this essential oneness of society, and an impulse to express it in practical living, but it is only within the last quarter century that this impulse has taken definite form and distinctive names.

TYPICAL SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS

Hull House, in Chicago, is considered the pioneer “social settlement” in America. Its founder, Miss Jane Addams, regards Toynbee Hall in London as the source of her inspiration, if not her model. However, the “settlement idea” seems to have had as many discoverers as America. Older than either Hull House or Toynbee Hall is a Bohemian institution which can fairly claim precedence of either as a practical exponent of the true idea of a residential social centre. This fact is interesting, not because of any contest for historical honors, but simply because it points to a wider stirring of the social conscience than a single starting point would argue. In many lands the best hearts and brains were searching for true

social consciousness, experimenting, bungling, no doubt, but making splendid failures that were in themselves an inspiration to greater effort.

The Bohemian institution, "Betlemsky Placek," in Prague, was founded by Vojta Naprstek, a Bohemian patriot who, for the part he took in the revolutions of 1848, found himself at the age of twenty-two a political refugee in the United States. Devoted to American ideals he thought of starting a Bohemian colony in America whose members should become "filled with the democratic spirit of freedom and neighbor love" and return to the motherland to be apostles of freedom to their poor and down-trodden countrymen. At the end of ten years he was the only one to return, but he carried enthusiasm and ardor enough to fire a whole community. He went to devote his life to "his people, humanity, and social freedom." "I am ready," he declared, "to sacrifice all for my convictions, and no lack of success will frighten me. My heart does not feel the need of evil in this world, and hence I would sacrifice all, demanding the same from every one else, that poverty and ignorance should vanish from the face of the earth."

He opened his own house to his neighbors and the public, first one room, then two, and later the whole. And they came, scholars and statesmen, women and little children, and then the masses. The wife and mother of Naprstek, not less devoted than himself, gave up everything to the work, not even reserving the comfort of beds

for themselves as they "would take up too much room." Everything was for the public. There were lectures—two thousand within twenty years. There were educational excursions and picnics for pleasure; industrial exhibits, clubs and classes innumerable, a library, reading-rooms, and distribution of food and clothing to the poor. Since the death of Naprstek in 1895, his widow has carried on the good work assisted by a board of trustees. A work so truly social in spirit, so self-sacrificing in execution, should surely place the name of its founder high up on the roll of the great lovers of mankind.

During the eighties of the last century, Arthur Toynbee, a young University student of London, feeling the grievousness of the growing gulf between rich and poor, was studying how he might devote his life with its talent and culture towards bridging it. His early death nipped his plans in the bud, but not until he had communicated his own ardor to some of his associates like-minded with himself. A band of young college men gathered around Rev. Samuel Barnett, vicar of St. Jude's Church in the notorious Whitechapel district. They organized themselves into a "University Extension Society," occupying a house next to the church. It was their ambition to "live among the people." They joined the working men's clubs and in every way possible identified themselves with the life of the neighborhood, at the same time offering their commodious house as a centre for neigh-

borhood gatherings and themselves as teachers and helpers. A good-sized audience room was named, in memory of the youth whose aspirations had given birth to the movement, Toynbee Hall. This name has gradually been applied to the entire institution, of which Canon Barnett is still the leader.

One of the most unique features of this work from the first has been an annual free exhibition of fine paintings and other works of art. Such an innovation as this amid the sordid and repulsive conditions of Whitechapel must have been startling, to say the least. But it is an article of Canon Barnett's creed that the sense of beauty in art is a means of moral and spiritual development. He considers the development of a love for "pictures and books" a most potent means of reform, as these are each one of the "many tongues by which God speaks to the soul of man."

These art exhibitions have been marvellously successful, so far at least as local patronage is concerned. At a recent one (held in 1904) some five hundred choice works of art loaned by wealthy families were on exhibition, and the visitors during the first three weeks of the exhibit numbered 70,000. For these exhibitions catalogues are carefully arranged that the wayfaring man need not err in detecting the hidden power and beauty in the works of art. Children are made especially welcome and taught by sympathetic guides to appreciate the masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

This art exhibition, however, is but one feature of an institution filled with activities the year round. Lectures are given on popular themes, social functions held in the beautiful drawing-rooms, and classes are conducted by the young men and the friends whom they are able to gather around them from the cultured and fashionable West End. At first the "residents," as the original club began to be called, were engaged in gainful occupations in the law courts or elsewhere during the day. Upon these, or upon private incomes, they depended for livelihood, and gave their evenings to work in the settlement, teaching clubs and classes or joining in the social gatherings. As the work has developed and become specialized, however, some salaried workers have become a necessity.

It was the work of this settlement which most strongly appealed to Jane Addams, then a young woman travelling in Europe, and already deeply interested in the cause of social betterment to which she has since consecrated her life.

Hull House, founded and still carried on by Miss Addams, and recognized as the most complete and effectively managed institution of its kind in existence, may be taken as the example and type of the purely social settlement in its most highly developed form. It is situated in one of the worst quarters of Chicago, on Halsted Street, which is said to be the longest city thoroughfare in the world. Running the entire length of the city, beginning and ending in open

stretches of country, its course for a while is between handsome residences with shaded walks and well-kept lawns, but soon it plunges into the strenuous life of the down-town district. The tiny grass patches flanking the sidewalks disappear. Shops, factories and saloons multiply. The din and roar of traffic stuns the ear; the air grows thick and smoky; the sidewalk is filled with people. The street becomes a maze of delivery wagons, dump carts and vehicles of all descriptions loaded with every conceivable kind of wares. Street cars plunge through at intervals of two or three minutes, filled morning and evening with a dense mass of humanity hanging to straps inside and clinging to steps and railing outside, and packing every available inch of space. Between the larger stores and factories are huddled cheap groceries, sordid fancy shops, and an occasional dwelling-house, smoke-blackened and dingy. The display of wares on the street is most unsavory. Narrow streets and alleys branching off on either side afford vistas of wretchedness. There are sooty tenements, tumble-down sheds and foul stables. Dirty children in all sorts of demi-toilet swarm everywhere. They occupy the stairways, hang over the window sills, and carry on their games on the sidewalk in utter disregard of the public gaze, and, truth to tell, the public hurries on its way with as little attention for them.

The names over the shop doors grow portentous. Masalis & Martjinkis, Isadore Yesariwitch,

for themselves as they "would take up too much room." Everything was for the public. There were lectures—two thousand within twenty years. There were educational excursions and picnics for pleasure; industrial exhibits, clubs and classes innumerable, a library, reading-rooms, and distribution of food and clothing to the poor. Since the death of Naprstek in 1895, his widow has carried on the good work assisted by a board of trustees. A work so truly social in spirit, so self-sacrificing in execution, should surely place the name of its founder high up on the roll of the great lovers of mankind.

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It was the work of this settlement which most strongly appealed to Jane Addams, then a young woman travelling in Europe, and already deeply interested in the cause of social betterment to which she has since consecrated her life.

Hull House, founded and still carried on by Miss Addams, and recognized as the most complete and effectively managed institution of its kind in existence, may be taken as the example and type of the purely social settlement in its most highly developed form. It is situated in one of the worst quarters of Chicago, on Halsted Street, which is said to be the longest city thoroughfare in the world. Running the entire length of the city, beginning and ending in open

stretches of country, its course for a while is between handsome residences with shaded walks and well-kept lawns, but soon it plunges into the strenuous life of the down-town district. The tiny grass patches flanking the sidewalks disappear. Shops, factories and saloons multiply. The din and roar of traffic stuns the ear; the air grows thick and smoky; the sidewalk is filled with people. The street becomes a maze of delivery wagons, dump carts and vehicles of all descriptions loaded with every conceivable kind of wares. Street cars plunge through at intervals of two or three minutes, filled morning and evening with a dense mass of humanity hanging to straps inside and clinging to steps and railing outside, and packing every available inch of space. Between the larger stores and factories are huddled cheap groceries, sordid fancy shops, and an occasional dwelling-house, smoke-blackened and dingy. The display of wares on the street is most unsavory. Narrow streets and alleys branching off on either side afford vistas of wretchedness. There are sooty tenements, tumble-down sheds and foul stables. Dirty children in all sorts of demi-toilet swarm everywhere. They occupy the stairways, hang over the window sills, and carry on their games on the sidewalk in utter disregard of the public gaze, and, truth to tell, the public hurries on its way with as little attention for them.

The names over the shop doors grow portentous. Masalis & Martjinkis, Isadore Yesariwitch,

Slephe & Jaffe, and Demetrios Manussopoulos advertise their wares to the public and solicit patronage. Interspersed with these are signs in the unknown characters of the Hebrew or Yiddish.

But presently through an archway one sees a flash of green grass and trees. A few steps and you are standing before the porticoed front of an old but dignified looking red brick house set well back from the sidewalk. The little court thus formed is well paved and clean, and benches invite to rest. You recognize instinctively that this is not a house thrown together by the exigencies of trade, but that it is a place with a history and a purpose. This is Hull House, and around it is crowded one of the most cosmopolitan populations under the sun. Italians, Greeks, Russians, Poles, Germans, Jews, Bohemians and a score of other races to the number of 60,000 swarm within the area of a few blocks, and to all this building opens its doors of welcome.

Around the central building have grown up half a block of connected buildings. Departments of work have been added as their need became apparent. There is the "Jane Club," a coöperative boarding-house for working girls and women; there is a picturesque restaurant or coffee-house copied from an old English inn, with low, dark rafters and diamond-paned windows, where for a moderate price you can be served with a wholesome luncheon in irreproachable style. There is the "Children's House" with its kindergarten and day nursery.

A playground was secured for the children by having half a dozen old tenements torn away and occupying the space with swings, summer-houses, "teeters," and sand piles. There is a large gymnasium, and an art gallery with studios for art classes; there are music rooms, a library and reading-rooms. Everywhere there is evidence of cultivated taste. Furniture is handsome and genuine ; no cheap or tawdry imitations are permitted. On the walls hang photographs from the masters of art. Friezes from the Parthenon, casts from Phidias and Praxiteles decorate halls and stairways. Even the children's rooms are furnished with choice pictures and casts from Della Robbia and Donatello, and the wee tots climb upon chairs to kiss the immortal Mother and Child from Raphael. "Much is gained," says Miss Addams, "if one can begin in a very little child to make a truly beautiful thing truly beloved."

A simple list of the multitudinous activities constantly going on in these capacious buildings would fill pages of the present volume. They touch every department of art, travel, industry, literature and social progress. Miss Addams has the rare faculty of gathering around her men and women of leadership who carry out their own plans untrammelled save by the predominant idea of mutual good. About twenty persons are usually in residence. The governing power is vested in a simple organization among these. A hundred more come weekly to the settlement as

lecturers, teachers, leaders of clubs, etc. It is estimated that two thousand people of the neighborhood come every week to share the benefits of the institution.

Hull House has come to be a recognized influence in social and labor circles, looking out for the interests of the laboring classes, yet often taking a conservative position and aiming to secure justice to all concerned. It is also a factor to be reckoned with in the politics of the ward. More than one disreputable "boodler" has owed his defeat at the polls to the opposition of Hull House residents. While it enjoys the confidence of labor unions, it has at least the wholesome respect of the capitalist class. Miss Addams is a recognized leader of the great onward sweep of thought in the direction of social righteousness. In its immediate neighborhood Hull House has produced cleaner streets, better sanitary conditions, better housing and better lighting. It has had a marked influence in purifying civic politics and is a "power house" of social and intellectual life and light as well as a school of ethical culture to a wide coterie of men and women.

Naturally this institution has been an inspiration and example to scores of lesser ones. A recent *Bibliography of Settlements*, published in 1900, gives a list of one hundred of such scattered from New York to San Francisco, from Portland to New Orleans. Each of these emphasizes some features of the work carried on by Hull House, but to none is it given to provide so many points

of contact with the people, nor to exercise so wide an influence upon the advanced thought of the day.

But it is as a religious force that the work of the social settlement will be of especial interest to the young missionary with heart aglow with "love for souls." At Hull House she will be perplexed and distressed, perhaps, to find no distinctively religious work even so much as suggested among the hundreds of lectures, classes and societies. She may find it difficult—perhaps impossible—to reconcile her ideals of a noble philanthropy with entire absence of that positive religious element which she has been taught to consider the soul and source of every good work.

To estimate the work of the social settlement fairly it must be remembered that not all reformers are called to be apostles. It was the need of better environment for the poor that from the first appealed to Miss Addams. She felt that her call was to social rather than to spiritual evangelism. Her friend and co-laborer from the start was Miss Starr, a Catholic gentlewoman of wealth and culture, and of equal devotion to the cause of humanity. Together they went into the great city wilderness where a large majority of the people were of the Roman Catholic faith, and many of the remainder were Jews. To declare affiliation with any Protestant church Miss Addams felt would be to shut many doors of opportunity between them and the people.

However good people may differ as to the wisdom of this decision, no one can question the unselfish purpose and Christlike spirit that prompted the founders of this movement. Miss Addams herself says, "If we take religion to be synonymous with the spirit and life of Jesus Christ; if we accept that definition which describes it as ministration to the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and the keeping of a conscience unspotted from the world; if to go about doing good be a sign of religion; if a reaching out of the hand to those who are down, be a sign of religion—then is the settlement religious through and through."

It is certainly regretted by many who believe the evangelism of the city to be the one insistent problem of the times, that a woman so gifted with logical insight into the conditions and needs of the laboring classes could not have seen her way clear to undertake the solution of the problem of how to bring a vital, experimental Christianity to bear upon a community like that in which she labors.

THE FIELD OF THE SETTLEMENT

Another question will probably occur to one bent upon understanding the true inwardness of the relation of settlements to the people: Do they reach the poorest, the most degraded, or only the respectably poor, and the fairly well-to-do?

Certain it is that many—perhaps most—of the

people who frequent the settlements would promptly resent being considered slum dwellers. It is equally certain that many of them come from homes that from an ethical or sanitary standpoint are not fit for human habitations. The frequent contrast between a miserable home and the young person who emerges from it, is an ever new surprise to the novice in missionary work. A certain young man who was a regular attendant at a settlement had never been seen there even of a week day evening and after a hard day's work except in unimpeachable toilet, with spotless collar and cuffs, and with hair neatly arranged. One day the settlement visitor stood in his home and looked about her in amazement. Two tiny up-stairs rooms, a bare floor none too clean, a dirty, tumbled mass on the floor in one corner to do duty for a bed, a smoky bit of looking-glass over the sink in the living room, the only toilet convenience, rain leaking through the roof, dirt, confusion, disorder—this was the home from which he came; and an untidy old woman with head tied up in a bandana was the mother of whom he always spoke with sincere affection. The visitor retired with a profound sense of respect for one who could keep up even a show of appearances under such apparently impossible conditions.

The thrifty New England housewife may offer invidious remarks about people who "put everything upon their backs," but when understood, the situation is not illogical. The home is a com-

paratively unimportant factor in the social life of the poorer class. The price of rent and frequent removals owing to shifting labor conditions make a really comfortable, well-ordered home hopeless of attainment. Hence it becomes merely a shelter, a makeshift, a base of operations. The social standing of the individual is fixed by his personal appearance. Few of his friends and fewer of his acquaintances ever see his home, or even know where it is. Hence, just so long as a spark of ambition remains, effort will be expended in making the personal appearance as prepossessing as possible.

It is true that the settlement appeals to those in whom ambition is not wholly lost—the enterprising, forward-looking element, which happily does exist even among the poorest. It furnishes to these opportunity and incentive to rise. It offers a strong hand to those inclined to climb. And so it often happens that those whose ideals have been formed by reading tales of abject destitution and who expect to encounter at every turn emaciated forms clothed in rags and tatters, finding instead alert, wide-awake, fairly well-dressed young people, will feel that somehow they have been imposed upon with tales of destitution that does not exist. It will be well in such cases to withhold judgment until ulterior conditions have been investigated. In any case, no one who has experienced the almost utter hopelessness of trying to help the pauperized or the well developed criminal and vagrant classes, will feel inclined to

criticise measures that are preventive rather than curative. Far better to lend a hand before the individual has lost spirit and hope than to wait until ambition and self-respect are gone, and then, by lavish expenditure of money and effort try to drag him from the ditch into which he should never have fallen, and which at best will leave its smirch.

CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENTS

But giving the purely social settlement all its due, there are still many who believe that it comes far short of meeting the deepest need. There are many who profoundly believe that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ directly applied is the greatest uplifting force known, even to social science, and that experimenting with ethical culture and social reforms without direct religious effort is, to use the language of a noted missionary worker, trying to "elevate the masses without the elevator." And not only so, but they believe that in depending wholly upon education and culture the "good" really becomes "the enemy of the best." Such teachers recognize these other agencies as good in themselves and as affording a needed point of contact with the people; but with greater or less insistence they believe that the teachings of the Bible and the doctrines of the church should be made the basis of all work with the masses.

THE CHICAGO "COMMONS"

An excellent example of the social settlement

in which the religious element is also recognized is "The Commons" of Chicago, which recently celebrated its tenth birthday. The head resident, Prof. Graham Taylor, also occupies the chair of Christian Sociology in the Theological Seminary (Congregational) and at the same time acts as pastor of the Tabernacle church, affiliated with the settlement. Professor Taylor is especially successful in reaching the working man. A marked feature of the work of the Commons until quite recently was the Tuesday night men's meetings.¹ At these meetings socialists and capitalists, anarchists and ministers of the gospel, divinity students and saloon-keepers, met on absolutely equal terms. Each had a right to an expression of his opinion, providing he kept within parliamentary rules. Men of world-wide renown might be heard here as lecturers. It was an edifying spectacle to see some low-browed saloon-keeper or wild-eyed anarchist in working clothes "square off" and take issues with such men as Rev. Washington Gladden or Dr. Howard Crosby.

But though "fair field and no favor" was the rule of the game in these meetings, the personal

¹ Professor Taylor says in *The Commons* for February, 1904, "The wisdom and safety of the settlement free speech policy has been strikingly demonstrated at Chicago Commons. Our Tuesday evening free floor discussions, which for seven years were even more enjoyed by those who attended them than they were bitterly criticised by those who did not, have fulfilled their mission and been superseded by something more valuably constructive. The rampant radicalism which found its first vent here toned down and almost totally subsided in the full exercise of its freedom. The free floor was discontinued last fall and the Community Club took its place."

influence of Rev. Graham Taylor himself could but count largely on the side of righteousness. A burly, red-nosed antagonist who had been roundly denouncing all law and all religion during one of the meetings was heard to remark as he edged his way out in the crowd, "Now that Graham Taylor—just so far as there can be such a thing as a Christian, he's one."

Another interesting feature of this settlement work is the Children's Church of which mention will be made in another chapter.

The Commons is also a fair type of the college settlement found in most large cities. This is often established by the sociological or philanthropic department of a college or university in order to afford a point of contact between its students and the down-town districts, for mutual benefit. The settlement brings to the university the problems of real life. To the student it becomes a social laboratory—an experiment station—and it supplements the theological training of the divinity student. There is usually some official connection between the managements of the two institutions, and professors and students are expected to take up work in the settlement wherever practicable. The extent to which the college settlement is religious in its methods depends of course upon the attitude of the affiliated school and the personnel of the head workers.

MISSIONS

It will be seen how naturally, by increasing the

emphasis placed upon religious instruction and affiliating the work with a church instead of the school, the "settlement" becomes a "mission." Indeed, there is no accepted definition for a settlement, and no line of demarkation between the settlement and the mission, though in plan and purpose their work is vitally different. Owing to the popularity of the settlement idea and the tendency of human nature towards fadism, many real missions have called themselves settlements, and thus both names lose their significance.

The idea chiefly emphasized by the earliest settlement workers was that of residence among the people. But this plan had been early adopted by mission and Salvation Army workers, who often really share the life of the people to an extent unimagined by the residents of the social settlement. So this attempt at distinction really did not distinguish at all. Perhaps it would be better if a more exact nomenclature could be observed, using the term "settlement" where effort is directed chiefly towards social betterment and the improving of the whole environment of the poor; while the terms "missions," "church homes," "parish houses," etc., would properly distinguish institutions in which the reformation of society is believed to begin with the individual, depending upon a change of heart and life—whether this reformation is aided much or little by educational and social agencies for the improvement of his environment.

Still, it is a matter of regret that in many missions more recognition is not given to the value of culture and beauty as a means of spiritual development. Many mission buildings are an offense to good taste, both as to architecture and furnishings. Usually this is necessitated by a lack of funds, but often by lack of consideration as well, or it may be due to the opinion not infrequently expressed, that such rooms need not be above the average of the neighborhood, as the poor "would not feel at home in them"—a pernicious mistake, which can only be a hindrance to the best work of the institution. Man, in making the city, has produced scenes of ugliness and squalor unspeakable, but God made "everything beautiful in its season." Scarce a trace of His handiwork is seen amid the narrow streets, the crazy stairways and crooked passages, the sheds and tenements that constitute the "city wilderness" with its horrible atmosphere of sooty dinginess. If there can be but one place in a neighborhood where grace and symmetry and harmonious coloring can gratify the beauty-starved souls of the poor, let it be the house devoted to the worship of God. Where homes are ugliest and surroundings most bare and sordid, there is greatest need of these touches of brightness and beauty. "The best for the neediest," is only a practical application of simple Christianity.

GLENN HOME

An admirable example is given by Glenn In-

dustrial Home in Cincinnati, conducted by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Home, which takes commendable pride in its beautiful headquarters, occupies a fine stone front mansion, formerly a family residence. The handsome mirrors, bookcases and chandeliers remain, and other furnishings were made to correspond. The result is at once elegant and homelike.

This institution announces its belief that the way to reach the masses is "to go to them and stay with them three hundred and sixty-five days in the year," and follows this statement with the truly orthodox one that "the way to regenerate the city is to regenerate every individual in it." With a sufficient number of institutions like this the result might not seem so far from accomplishment.

The Home employs about twenty-five workers—missionaries, deaconesses and teachers. Seven of these are residents. The industrial department is very complete, comprising sewing and dressmaking and cooking classes, basket weaving and other branches. The culture work includes girls and boys' gymnastic classes, voice training and choral work. Three kindergartens are conducted and various clubs and classes for both children and adults meet here. A boarding club offers a comfortable home to young working girls at three dollars a week.

The work is permeated through and through by the evangelistic spirit. The prayer-meeting

and Sunday-school are regular features. Mothers' meetings held in connection with the kindergartens, open and close with devotional exercises. The leaders are women interested in the spiritual as well as the intellectual conditions of their people and find opportunities for many heart to heart talks with the mothers. The children of gamblers and saloon-keepers repeat at the home table the little "grace" they have been taught at kindergarten, and the parents tell this to the workers with smiles and tears. Mothers learn from the children the hymns and Bible verses.

An effort is made here to induce the mission children to attend the neighboring church as often as possible. It was observed that when the children were well dressed they liked to attend the grand church, but when their clothes were shabby they slipped back into the mission again. This effort to break down the walls of caste by bringing the poor to the rich as well as the rich to the poor can but commend itself.

Another wholesome feature of Glenn Home is the organization of various societies among the poor whose avowed object it is to help others. This principle has been too much overlooked. In their first generous impulse missions gave freely to the people around them. They gave money, food, clothing, services, but no opportunity for a reciprocal relationship. The consequence was that with the best and most unselfish motives in the world whole communities have been pau-

perized. Missions came to be shunned by the self-respecting poor and plundered by the unscrupulous, while even the class who sought them in all sincerity for spiritual help, having no demands made upon their activities, gradually sank to an attitude of dependence, taking for granted that they were to be carried to heaven, if not on flowery beds of ease, by some equally eleemosynary method. But it is coming to be recognized that the poor are no more to be deprived of the right to pay for what they have, or of the pleasure of giving to others according to their ability, than of any other right or privilege under the sun. In Glenn Home a missionary society is organized which meets semi-monthly and gives as conscientiously as richer societies. A band of young ladies are doing similar work, and often raise money for their small dues of twenty-five cents a year by real self-denials. Even the little ones are not forgotten. Two hundred and eighteen children are enrolled in a missionary society where they are taught the wholesome lesson that the chief aim in life is not getting but giving. Their contributions for a year amounted to thirteen dollars. What they gained in development of character cannot be estimated in figures. Two other societies, the Glenn Home Auxiliary and the Cheerful Workers, helped towards the support of the institution itself. The latter dressed dolls for the mission Sunday-school, gave the children their Easter eggs, made little garments for the needy ones of

the kindergarten, purchased a ton of coal for the mission, and sent two basket dinners to needy families at Christmas. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, such giving as this is indeed charity "twice blessed."

FOREIGN MISSIONS AT HOME

The presence in our cities of foreign populations in crowded districts is a challenge to missions. It costs something in money to send a missionary across seas to Africa, to China, to India, and to support him there; it costs more in loss of life and health from unfavorable climates and unaccustomed ways of living. Providence is now sending the nations to us. Since 1857, three hundred thousand Chinamen have come to dwell among us, paying their own transportation and expenses. They burn incense to idols in their joss-houses in New York and Chicago. Catholic Italy and atheistic Bohemia are within our gates. The appeal of Africa in America is not less imperative because it lacks the glamour of distance. The churches are awaking to this need, but the awakening is not swift enough for the crisis. There must be a multiplication of efforts and an increase of efficiency along all lines. The battle must be won within the present quarter century.

Enough is being done to inspire greater effort. The Congregational church points with pride to the fact that in the past twenty years it has increased the number of its German churches in America from twenty to one hundred and forty-

two; its Bohemian from none to forty-nine; its Scandinavian to one hundred and ten. This is largely due to home missionary efforts. First, a lone woman going through alley and byway making friends with the children and coaxing them into a little Sunday service; then a Sunday-school organized over a shop or a saloon, perhaps; next a mission with its appeal to fathers and mothers; then a church with a building and pastor of its own—this is the history that repeats itself in the progress of missions as we seek to aid in answering our own prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Presbyterian and Baptist, Methodist and Lutheran Reformed have done enough, at least, to forever settle the question whether foreigners are accessible to the Gospel. They can be reached by loving ministry and faithful preaching, here as well as in lands over the seas. Dr. Clark, who perhaps knows as well whereof he speaks as any man in America, says:

It has been forever established that foreigners are as convertible as our own people, that in many instances their faith is more pure and evangelical than the American type, that their lives are transformed by its power to an extent that sometimes puts the American Christian to shame, that their children are easily gathered into Sunday-schools, their young people into Christian societies, and their men and women into prayer-meetings, where in many different tongues they yet speak and pray in the language of Canaan.

The immigration problem is not the same menace that it was. A mighty solvent has been found, and with a few men willing to devote sums of money commensurate with the greatness of the demand, we may hope to see the successes of the

past twenty years multiplied indefinitely and the gravest missionary problem of the twentieth century on its way to a triumphant solution.

FROM SETTLEMENT WORKERS AND SOCIOLOGISTS

There is no secular.—*Graham Taylor.*

Diminish charity by increasing justice. Almost every evil is a travesty of something good. The settlement is not for the rich only, nor for the poor only, but for all classes as the Lord mixes them; not only for those who toil but for those who suffer from idleness.—*Fane Addams.*

Men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love, but you cannot deal with men without love.—*Tolstoi.*

If every one who professes to care about the poor would make himself the friend of one poor person, forsaking all others, there would soon be no insoluble problem of "the masses," and London would be within measurable distance of becoming a city of happy homes.—*Canon Barnett.*

The problem of how to save the slums is no more difficult than the problem of how to save the people who have moved away from them and are living in the suburbs, indifferent to the woes of their fellow mortals. The world can be saved if the church does not save it. The question is, can the church be saved unless it is doing all in its power to save the world?—*Graham Taylor.*

AMONG THE PEOPLE

"Yes, I vent oud vashing till I vas fifty years old. Den I mus' stop. I could vork no more. I strained my back one day to lift a big tub, und I had to lie in bed many veeks und spent

all what I had saved for de doctor und for medicine. It iss hard, Miss Marrie, to vork hard effery day, all de time, till you are fifty years old und den be sick und haf not anyting.

"But I haf paid for dis place, all but two hundred tollars. De man comes und gets seven tollars int'rest money effery six months. He iss fery strict. When I do not pay right up he vill—what you say? close de—foreclose de mortgage, yes, dat is it. O Miss Marrie, if I lose dis place what vould I do? I haf no children; I haf to go to de poorhouse."

Wiping her eyes she continued, "I use' to rent dis place for twelf' tollars a month, but now I get only six tollars. I rent de front part und de peoples pay me six tollars. Den I us' to rent dese two rooms (kitchen and bedroom) for five tollars, und I live in de little room where you see de old lady. Now I let her haf dat room; she pays no rent.

"Why don't I rent dem now and take that room again myself? My! What vould the old lady do? Her children turned her out; she must have some place to live.

"Oh, vell, I get along. I liff plain und pay all my expenses and my int'rest, too, out of de six tollars de people in front pay me."

And there was no sigh of self-pity from the woman with misshapen feet and a crutch who, living on six dollars a month, could yet give shelter to one more unfortunate than herself.

"No, he's gettin' no better. He has four and five fits every day'm. His father pays out all he can earn on the poor b'y, but nothing seems to help 'im. If there was only some place to send 'im—but there ain't. What will the b'y do after I'm gone? His father must work; *he* can't stop by 'im all day in the house.

"My man is a fool of a thing when he has liquor in 'im. He didn't use to drink. 'E's a good man when 'e's sober. He works for the Steel Manufacturing Company. You know the steel dust flies up in their eyes and after awhile they can't see so well, and then they don't get so much pay.

"Well, my man he got kind of discouraged when his sight began to fail 'im, and 'e took to drinking. Now 'e gets drunk most every week.

"It don't do no good to pray, Miss Marrie. I've prayed and prayed. If prayin' ud do any good 'e'd a-stopped drinkin' long ago."

And the visitor who had imagined herself almost a temperance crank wondered whether, if she were obliged to work at something that was gradually destroying her sight, and saw her pay decrease day by day—whether she too, might not take to drink, or to anything that promised a momentary forgetfulness.
—*The Commons.*

PRACTICAL HINTS

"I will bless thee—and thou shalt be a blessing."—Gen. 12: 2.

Does God give us blessings without intending that we shall make them a blessing to others?

May it not be as much a duty to make a home a blessing to the homeless, as to give of our time, our money, or any other talent with which the Creator has endowed us, to those who need? Millions of the world's toilers do not know the shelter and rest of a home. Millions more have homes where ignorance, discord, poverty, or shiftlessness make the home a hell. Has not the home a message for the world as truly as the individual? No world-weary man or woman can enter a refined, Christian home without feeling its benediction. No degraded or undeveloped life can come within its influence without feeling its spell. Its very walls speak of peace and purity.

"How kindly they all talk to each other," one guest in a good home was heard to say to another.

"Yes, and it's always just like that," was the reply. "I've noticed it. You never hear any loud talk in this house."

The missionary, the preacher, are professional friends. The settlement is the professional home. But the world needs un-

professional service even more. If every individual and every home stood for all to the world that God intended, there would be no need of either missionaries or settlements. Their professional influence may be more far-reaching, but the unprofessional touch is the tenderer.

Perhaps there are young men and women all around you living in boarding-houses, who need the softening touch of home and mother. What if you were to invite a few of them in occasionally for a social evening, and share with them your music, your pictures, your books, yourself? Are there not around you unpopular people, neglected people, even disagreeable people, whom it might be worth your while to study and "discover"? Open to them your home and your heart—not the one without the other, mind—and see if in doing this the Christ does not come in, making both strangely sweet with His presence.

Such hospitality would not count much in social advancement; it might not cancel any social obligations; but Christ went not to those that He needed most, but to those who needed Him most. And we are His followers.

Miss Helm, in *Our Homes*, suggests a way in which Southern women may make their beautiful homes a blessing.

"A growing evil is the lack of industrial training among young colored women. The chaplain of a state penitentiary once told me that three-fourths of the prisoners there were negroes and that, with rare exceptions, none of these had knowledge of any kind of work whereby they could earn an honest living.

"There are hundreds of localities in the South where schools that give industrial training are out of the reach of young negro girls. Their mothers are usually incapable of teaching them. Why could not our Christian women have industrial classes in their own homes? Every housekeeper has in her house all that is needed for such classes in cooking, house cleaning, sewing, and, perhaps, laundry work. One or two after-

noons a week given to a course in plain cooking, bread making, etc., may turn out some good cooks who could be given a certificate which would secure them steady employment. A small price might be set on the lessons, just enough to meet expenses, and give a feeling of independence. In the same way a class in housekeeping could be instructed in scrubbing, cleaning, sweeping, dusting, bed-making, table setting and dish washing. The sewing class could be made much more practical than the ordinary sewing school for children."

A richly attired woman came to a missionary to see about finding a place for a woman who had seen better days, but was left in her old age destitute and homeless. The institution in question was full, and the missionary could suggest no feasible plan for her support.

In the conversation it transpired that the poor woman was an old friend of the rich woman's mother, and was a gentlewoman in spite of poverty.

"Could you not take her into your own home?" was asked.

"My home? Oh, impossible! My house is really not large; when the family are all at home I have only one guest-room, and we entertain a great deal. It could not be thought of!"

"A woman in my district who has but one bed took in a poor woman and her child off the street, the other day," said the missionary. "She slept on the couch, and her husband took the floor, and gave their only bed to their guest."

"Dear me!" incredulously. "But really, it's different, you know. When one has a nice house one likes to—don't smile! I suppose this woman—well, it's easier to give when you haven't very much, now, isn't it?"

"It's easier to give when one has suffered one's self, and knows what it means."

"Yes, I suppose that's it." And she "went away sorrowful, for she had great possessions."

COLLATERAL READING

No movement of modern philanthropy has been so widely written up as Settlement Work. In 1900 there were already at least a dozen published volumes on the subject, which have been numerously increased since. At the same time the work has furnished material for magazine articles, stories, novels, "work-ups" in daily papers innumerable. We name a few of the volumes.

The Commons, edited by Prof. Graham Taylor, is a magazine of general settlement literature. It stands for "Industrial justice, efficient philanthropy, educational freedom, and the people's control of public utilities." 180 Grand Avenue, Chicago. \$1 a year.

The College Settlement Association begins the publication of a study course, consisting of brief syllabi upon social subjects with references for further study. The first three of these just out are, No. 1, *Biographies of Social Leaders*; No. 2, *Modern Philanthropy*; No. 3, *The Morals of Spending*. Others are forthcoming. Information obtained from the secretary of the Association, Miss Sarah Graham Tomkins, 1904 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Bibliography of College, Social and University Settlements, editions of 1893, 1895 and 1900. Published by the College Settlements Association, Secretary, Sarah Graham Tomkins, 1904 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Hull House Maps and Papers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2.

Democracy and Social Ethics, by Jane Addams. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The Duke of Cameron Avenue, by Henry Kitchell Webster. A story of settlement life. Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The City Wilderness, a study of the South End (predominantly Irish); "Americans in Process," a study of the North

End (predominantly Italian), and the West End (predominantly Jewish). A series of papers by the residents of the South End House, Boston, edited by Robert A. Woods, Head Resident. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50 each.

The Leaven in a Great City, by Lillian Betts. Illustrated, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Down in Water Street, The story of the Jerry McAuley Mission, New York, by Samuel H. Hadley. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. \$1.

BIBLE LESSON

How did Christ answer the question, "Which is the great commandment?" (Mark 12: 29-31.)

Which half of this commandment does Moses emphasize? (Deut. 6: 5; 10: 12 and 30: 6.)

Is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" found in the Old Testament? (Lev. 19: 18, last clause.)

How did the Jews interpret the word "neighbor"? (Lev. 19: 18, first clause.)

How did Christ extend the application of this word? (Luke 10: 29, 36, 37.)

Which half of the Great Commandment was emphasized by the apostles? (James 2: 8; 1 John 3: 11, 14.)

Which by Paul? (Romans 13: 9; Gal. 5: 14.)

Which by Christ? (St. John 13: 14, 35; St. John 15: 12, 17.)

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Describe the contagion of good.
2. Upon what two truths is the settlement idea based?
3. Should the settlement be regarded as a discovery, or as an advance movement of the social consciousness?
4. Name three pioneer settlements in three different countries, and the founder of each.

5. Tell some characteristic enterprises carried on in each of these settlements.
6. Describe the location of Hull House.
7. What real good has Hull House accomplished for the community in which it is situated? What for society at large?
8. How does the Chicago "Commons" differ from Hull House?
9. What resemblances and what differences exist between the settlement and the mission?
10. Why are beauty and good taste essential adjuncts to successful work among the very poor?
11. What are our nearest foreign missionary fields?

**THE MODERN CHURCH AND ITS
METHODS**

WHAT HE SAID

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."

He said, "No, walk in the town."

I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;

There is nothing but noise and din."

And he wept as he sent me back;

"There is more," he said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun."

He answered, "Yet souls are sick,

And souls in the dark, undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light;

And friends will miss me, they say."

He answered, "Choose to-night

If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, "Is it hard to decide?

It will not be hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

Then into his hand went mine ;

And into my heart came he ;

And I walk in a light divine

The path I had feared to see.

—*George MacDonald.*

III

THE MODERN CHURCH AND ITS METHODS

THERE are at least four distinct types of city churches, and the methods used by each are as different as the types of people it aims to reach. The family church of the well-to-do suburban districts is, even in outward seeming, handsome, decorous and dignified. Its air of prosperity extends from stained glass windows to carpeted pew. Its people come from homes equally tasteful and refined. The ordinary functions of church activity fill all requirements of the community about it and are carried on with a success commensurate with the ability of the pastor and the zeal of the members.

A little nearer the business centres stands the church of the "boarding-house districts." It feels the restless stir of down-town life and takes on various new forms of activity. Its membership is uncertain—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Its constituency live in rented flats and apartment houses, and about every fifth house displays in its windows the sign, "Furnished rooms," or, "Board by the day or week." The neighborhood swarms with students, clerks, business and professional men. It is shifting,

critical, hurried, worldly. The church which draws and holds this class must be wide-awake, up-to-date, perhaps slightly novel or sensational in its methods. Its problems are by no means easy, and they grow more and more serious year by year, as the real down-town element spreads outward and the slum creeps nearer.

Then there are the great down-town congregations, usually meeting in a convenient hall or theatre, where some magnetic speaker draws his weekly audience of thousands. This is made up of "transients"—business and travelling men from the hotels, visitors to the city, etc., with an admixture of residents from the outlying districts drawn by the fame and personality of the speaker. It includes representatives from all ranks in life except the lowest. This type of church usually has but slight organization and attempts little work beyond the Sunday morning service. But this service is a magnificent opportunity and is magnificently improved. To see the human flood pouring from one of these great metropolitan churches at the close of the service is to realize that still the Christ "lifted up" can draw the multitudes to Himself.

The fourth type is the problem which these other three have to solve in addition to their own. It is the mission, or the institutional church, situated in the city's heart.

A DOWN-TOWN CHURCH

In a certain quarter of a great inland city,

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where the din of traffic stuns the ear, and where the pall of smoke hangs heavily, stands a despondent-looking, red brick structure which, thirty years ago, was a wealthy church in a fashionable residence district. Its pastors were men distinguished for learning and culture. On Sundays a line of family carriages stood for blocks in either direction from its doors. But the city grew rapidly. Factories and railroads invaded the district; smoke fouled the air; street cars rumbled past, and their noise drowned the voice of the pastor in his pulpit. The wealthiest members began to move away into regions uninvaded by smoky chimneys and steel rails. Some retained their membership and contributed to the support of the church, for a while, but attended irregularly, if at all. Efforts were made to hold the congregation by frequent change of pastors, and the best talent in the country was brought even from distant cities, the purpose being to retain the cultured and wealthy classes that were slipping away. No especial attention was paid to the strangers who were pouring in to fill the vacant places. These were for the most part foreigners who came as factory operatives. They showed no interest in the church, and so there came to be a great gulf fixed.

This church may be taken as a fair example of what is being repeated in various quarters in every great city in the land. Such churches have two courses open to them—to sell their property and surrender the field, or to adjust themselves to

an environment to which they are not fitted either by organization or experience. Seventeen churches in New York City a few years ago accepted the former alternative and moved out of a district into which two hundred thousand people were moving during the same time.

WHAT NEXT?

Two thoughts from the Guide Book are needed by the church at this crisis. Paul wrote to the church early in its history, "Ye are the body of Christ." What Christ could not do were He on earth His church has no right to do—cannot do without parting company with the Master. Who can doubt that were He walking the streets of the cities to-day His pitiful heart would draw Him where the need was the greatest?

The other was spoken by the Lord Himself to His disciples when they would have sent away the hungry multitude to supply their needs elsewhere, "No need have they to go away; give ye them to eat." Theirs was a very common and human need, but He thought it worth while to summon divine power to aid the disciples in meeting it. And He healed sick bodies, unstopped deaf ears, and opened blind eyes just as readily—just as divinely, if one may so use the word—as He broke to hungry souls the bread of life or strove to restore spiritual vision to them that sat in darkness. Who can doubt that to-day, as then, He would say of these perishing

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multitudes, "No need have they to go away; give ye them to eat."

So firmly had the idea taken possession of the Church that its only mission in the world was to save the souls of men, that when, in answer to the appeal of the modern city it began to minister to other than spiritual needs, the work was done deprecatingly and with apologies. "A hungry man does not take kindly to sermons," it said, so soup must be given first, but only to prepare the way and to beguile him into listening to the sermon. Without the sermon the soup was supposed to have no moral efficacy whatever.

But a saner view recognizes the "saving grace of all good things." It sees in whatever tends to produce a more healthful body, a purer home, a keener brain, or a more skillful hand, not merely a trap to catch the unwary sinner, but a force that makes for righteousness; and if all is done in the name of the Lord Jesus, it becomes really, though indirectly, an evangelizing agency. It may take up lines of work that are good and necessary in themselves with no apology for the circumstance that they are not, according to the old standard, "religious." It will not divide life into "sacred" and "secular," but will consider all sacred when done for the love of Christ and in His Name. The Church may do all that the social settlement does, but will not fail to claim all good as rightly belonging to the kingdom, and use it to the glory of the King.

The spiritual quality of the work will depend

upon the workers. They should be the best the Church can produce, men and women who work not for salary nor for recognition, but who are possessed with a genuine love for souls, and who believe with might, mind and strength that "Thy kingdom come" is not only a possibility to be prayed for but a reality to be worked for. Such are by no means impossible. Those who have spent many years among the dead-in-earnest down-town toilers know that they are not even so rare as many imagine. Experience, training and versatility count for even more in these problem districts than elsewhere. The worker must not only be good, but be good for something. Indeed, to be useful in institutional work one must be able to do at least half a dozen things, and do them well. The successful club leader, besides understanding child nature, generically and specifically, should understand parliamentary law, athletics, natural history and the various lines of manual training and industrial work, and if after a week of fun and frolic he can sit among his boys Sunday evening, and lead in prayer with unction and fervor, he will at least give the impression that religion belongs among the good and pleasant things of life, which, with the average boy, is decidedly a step in advance.

Given an efficient and devoted corps of workers, the next needful thing is to know the people. We may learn something from our critics just here. When a settlement has been five years in

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a given locality it can give more information about the people, their habits, their occupations, their amusements, their incomes, their homes, and their children than the average church can after twenty years. It knows how many open garbage boxes there are in the alleys, how much carbon dioxide there is in the air they breathe, and how much chalk in the milk. This is because the settlement studies conditions as conscientiously as the Church studies its doctrines. Both kinds of knowledge are needful. The medical student does not consider anatomy and physiology and the work at the dissecting table less important than the study of the pharmacopœia. It is an omen of good that theological schools are taking up the study of the social body and its ailments along with their doctrines and exegeses.

KNOWING THE FIELD

There is but one way to become acquainted with the field. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. The pastor of a successful institutional church said recently, "With our corps of workers we can make a thousand calls a week if necessary, and in case of special services we have often done so." This church does not fail to make its presence felt in the community.

A few men and women of tact, sense and sympathy going about among the people will do more towards melting away the barriers between the Church and the masses than all other influ-

ences combined. A careful record should be kept of all families visited. Otherwise much effort will be simply thrown away. Especially is this true in canvassing.

A systematic canvass should be made of the field at least once in five years. In many city fields the personnel of a neighborhood is essentially changed in less time than this. In a conference of workers in a congested down-town district, a former pastor remarked, "I am sure this is true, for I worked there forty years ago and I know all about it." "My friend," said a resident worker, "if you had worked there a year ago you would not know much about it now."

The canvass should record names, addresses, date of call, church affiliations and preferences, number of children and their approximate ages, and if any of these are available for Sunday-school, kindergarten, or any of the industrial classes this should be noted, together with any other suggestive hints, such as, "oldest daughter an invalid," "son out of work," etc.

For the canvass a blank printed form should be provided. A little ingenuity will make it possible for each church to have a form which suits its special needs and purposes and which can be kept on file without copying. This should also make provision for subsequent changes of address. It is not unusual for one family to be found at three or four different addresses within a year.

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No work requires more good sense and tact, combined with a winsome personality and good mother wit, than house to house canvassing, and it is a pity that it should usually be entrusted to untrained workers. A humiliating recollection comes to mind of a certain country-bred woman who, on her first day's canvassing, went cheerfully from front door to front door adown the street and at night reported the task completed. Afterwards when she had learned to hunt her quarry up-stairs and down, through mazy passageways and alleys, around to some "rear tenement, fifth floor back," she realized that in this first effort she had probably reached scarcely one in twenty of those she had gone to find.

If much relief work is undertaken by the church, a record of it should also be kept. Perhaps nothing is better for this than the card and envelope system used by the Bureau of Charities. It is not necessary to say that such records should be kept strictly private. Indeed, all transactions connected with relief work should be as private as possible. Nothing places a church or mission in a more unfortunate position than to allow itself to become known as a distributing station. It will have plenty of for-revenue-only patrons who will be tempted into that most heartsickening of all hypocrisies, the feigning of religious interest for the sake of what they can get. Real needs will come out in the friendly and intimate relations between the people and the visitor, and may be relieved in a way to save the self-respect

of the receiver and at the same time cement the bonds of a real friendship between them.

Of course a church that aims to meet the people on the plane of their daily needs will be an "open church"—open all day, every day. "If the church is a lighthouse, its light must be burning every day; if it is a rescue station, its boats must be manned every day; if it is a school, its classes must be open every day; if a temple, its altar must be accessible every day."

METHODS

As church and people come into more intimate relations, various helpful enterprises will spring up of themselves, called into existence by needs as they are discovered and realized. If their growth is not rapid or sensational, and their early days are days of experiment and occasional failure, it will be a growth that will be healthful and permanent. Too often in our feverish haste to be doing something which will show results we begin at the wrong end of the proposition. Untried but enthusiastic workers drop down into a mission district. They believe its moral regeneration is to be reckoned from this epoch. They know little of the people, but are full of ideas. Somewhere a Clio Club or a Penny Provident Society has achieved phenomenal success, so a Clio Club or a Provident Society must be immediately begun here. Result, disappointment and an injured feeling that missionary work is not what it is represented, and added

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difficulties in the way of the next worker who comes with new plans.

A girls' club that starts with a little heart-to-heart talk with two or three girls, and grows slowly as it finds out the needs and tendencies—not of girls in the abstract but of those particular girls—may not attract much attention for the first year or two, but it will be likely to mean far more to its members than the one that starts out with a mass meeting. The Allport Sunday Bible class of Rochester, N. Y., was six years growing from eight members to ninety-seven, but in this time it had "found itself," and the next four years saw the ninety-seven increase to eight hundred and seventy-two.

Dr. Russell Conwell tells, most suggestively, how his reading-room came into existence in Grace Baptist Temple, Philadelphia:

Our reading-room consisted of one room and one paper in the first place, and it is entirely a case of Christian evolution. Years ago it was our custom after the prayer-meeting to put out the gas at once and send the people home. We forgot that Christ's way of teaching was largely a social way. . . . Now we keep the whole church open as long as people wish to stay and carry on a Christian conversation. We had then the little room to which I referred with one paper in it. Afterwards some friend brought some other papers, because people who did not take a Christian paper like to stop and read the news. From that one paper, without any plan laid or any great committee, but steadily adding one more and one more, we have gone on till now we have five different reading-rooms. It is just simply going on and doing the next thing. Now our five rooms are open all day and in the evening. Men and

women come and go as they see fit, and nearly all are accumulating libraries for themselves.

Much help may certainly be obtained by studying plans that have been successful in other places, but one plan never did fit perfectly in two places. Plans must be adapted, not adopted *in toto*. A wise mother was asked what her method had been in raising her seven sons. "Why, bless you!" she exclaimed, "I have had seven methods." The better we know the people, know them at home, at church and at work, know them personally and collectively, religiously and irreligious, the less we shall weary ourselves trying to fit square pegs into round holes.

HOMES AND THEIR NEEDS

As church and people become acquainted the home will make its first and most painful appeal to the spirit of reform. From weary mother to neglected children, here everything seems to be wrong. Take this pathetic picture from Mrs. Betts' "Leaven in a Great City": A party of wives of working men were coming back from an outing in Central Park, and the closed houses on Fifth Avenue attracted their attention. Remarks were made as to the possible use to which such houses could be put while their owners were away, and one, a slight, nervous little woman, said:

"I don't want anything in those houses but the room. I've never in my life had all the room

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I wanted." Then after a moment she continued: "The reason we don't love each other as we should is because we don't have room; we crowd each other. All the time I lived in my father's house I was crowded. How we used to fight! Fight in the night as well as in the day, just because we did not have room. The beds were so crowded that one of the young ones had to sleep across the foot. The big ones would keep their feet up while they were awake, but when they went to sleep they would stretch out and kick the one across the foot. When I was so little that I slept that way, I used to lie awake in terror expecting that kick, and how I scratched when it came! I know we should have loved each other if we could have had room to grow up in, as the children in those houses do. And my mother! She didn't have a room to herself even when she had the sickness that killed her."

Add to the nervous irritation from being "always crowded" the depressing effect of the lack of sunlight and air, the hopeless struggle with dirt—and no one who has not seen this can justly criticise—the pinch of limited income and the ever present fear that it may cease altogether, above all the lack of incentive that comes from anything better to look forward to than the same dull, maddening grind of the wheels until death opens the door to an uncertain future—and then try to imagine what reform in such homes must mean.

If reform could but begin with the mother ! Were she capable, clear-visioned, experienced in domestic economics and in child-training, conditions might be "something bettered." But were she all this she would not be here at all. It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. Still, improvement can be made if mothers will but learn the things that make for their present salvation. But we meet difficulty at the threshold. Hard work and constant self-renunciation have dulled the mother until she has lost desire for social life. On that side of her nature she is dormant or dead. It is often impossible to persuade a mother, old at forty, into a few days' outing in the country, after every obstacle has been removed save that one apathetic feeling that she "can't." But given the desire for improvement there remains the lack of knowledge. The mother probably spent the years of her life between the ages of twelve or fourteen and her marriage in some shop or factory, and her domestic training previous to that was such as she is giving her own children. The staple article of diet in the home is the puffy, tasteless roll from the bakery, washed down by a cup of black coffee from the pot which stands on the back of the stove from day's end to day's end. When the husband works they have in addition plenty of fried meat, soup and beer. When he is "out of his job," coffee or tea and rolls suffice. Months of plenty alternate with seasons of famine. Much of the irritability and viciousness in children and much of drunkenness in men is

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no doubt due to improper or insufficient nutrition. A child in a church kindergarten had been the despair of his teachers for his restlessness and perversity. When every other means had failed the teacher tried the plan of taking him into the lunch room every day and giving him a bowl of home-made bread and milk. The result surprised the teachers themselves, as gradually he became quiet, tractable and affectionate. Afterwards it transpired that the father had been out of work all winter, and the family had often been for days with little or no food.

A citizen once purchased the contents of a working man's "tin dinner pail" and took them to the Board of Health for chemical analysis. The baker's bread was found to be adulterated with glucose and malt extract; the apple butter with analine red and glucose; the sausage colored with analine red and adulterated with about ten per cent. of flaked corn grits; the butter colored with dye-stuff; the coffee glazed with dextrine and starch, and colored with brown analine dye. This had doubtless all been purchased at the corner grocery with no thought of anything beyond satisfying the appetite. It would be interesting to know exactly how much natural depravity the working man absorbed with the analine dye. A mother was once remonstrated with for buying cheap cakes for her children instead of cooking vegetables. She replied easily, "Oh, I'm thinkin' one thing fills 'em up as well as another." The time is past to scoff, or to deny

the fact that much that has been called depravity is semi-starvation, but the campaign of education is but just begun.

To the mothers the church must bring, first of all, inspiration and new ideals, then education, then help in applying it. The church can but be interested in tenement house improvement, better sanitary laws, everything that would relieve the pressure of environment upon the lives of the poor, but side by side with the campaign for civic improvement must go the effort for the individual, and it is this that falls chiefly within the scope of missionary effort.

FOR MOTHERS

How can these indifferent, these ignorant, these discouraged mothers be stimulated, taught, inspired?

The impulse will first come from the church visitor. Once interested much can be accomplished through the club and the mothers' meetings.

Often, repeated invitations and beguilements will fail to draw the mother from the home. But some day, persuaded thereto by the representations of a neighbor who has been there, she will come. If then there is a genial, uplifting, breezy atmosphere to blow away the fogs that have been accumulating in heart and brain she will come again. The essential thing is to secure and maintain such an atmosphere.

In one community effort after effort to main-

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tain a mothers' meeting on usual lines had failed. Then the kindergartners undertook the problem. "What they need is a good time," they said. Written invitations, seconded by the children, prevailed to the extent of bringing out fifteen or twenty mothers. They sat on the little red chairs. They learned the children's games, and, after the first shyness wore away, went off into screams of laughter at their own and each others' awkwardness. It was an edifying spectacle to see one gray-haired grandmother gallop stiffly down the room in imitation of the knight on horseback and catching the hoops upon her spear return half ashamed but breathless and laughing to her place. The lively music was exhilarating and for an hour they played with the delight of children. Then there was a little informal talk by the leader as to the purpose of the games in teaching the children habits of honor and courtesy. A dish of ice cream and a bit of cake finished the entertainment. If nothing else had been gained, there was a shaking off of depressing care and a desire to come again. After a number of meetings of this kind with little in view beyond a "good time," the women themselves began to inquire concerning an organization. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, plans were laid for helpful programs and the club was on its upward way. Its future success lies in the tact, spirit and enterprise of the leaders into whose hands it falls.

One leader believes that the "roll call" has

been a great help in securing attendance at her mothers' meetings. This leader, a woman of exceptionally sunny temperament, took charge of a mothers' meeting which consisted of a rapidly decreasing remnant of five or six melancholy women who sat in a row and listened to a lecture on a prepared topic. The new leader banished stiffness by placing the chairs about an open fireplace, and for the first two or three meetings attempted little beyond a free and chatty interchange of views. At present she has an enrollment of over a hundred members, devoted to the club and the leader. Her method of "calling the roll" is unique but effective.

"Mrs. Billinski." "Present." "Mrs. Otto." "Present." "Mrs. Schlicker." No response. "Does anybody know why Mrs. Schlicker is not with us to-day?" asks the leader briskly. "I stopped for her, but she had her face all tied up with toothache," volunteers some one. "Oh, too bad! I have some splendid toothache medicine. Won't you stop and take her some after the meeting?" "Mrs. Browning." "There's a new baby at Mrs. Browning's," explains some one, and a sympathetic smile goes round. The leader appoints on the spot a committee to visit the new mother and present the congratulations of the club. "Mrs. Bartunik." "She's moved; she can't come no more." And so on through the list. Cheery and unconventional, but when it is done every woman feels that it is a matter of friendly concern to

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every one whether she is in her place or not. The spirit of comradeship and good cheer, such a marked feature in this club, is largely the reflection of the spirit of the leader.

One woman's club, following the suggestion of the home department of the Sunday-school, has a list of shut-in members to whom visitors go from the club with reports of the meeting and a little remembrance in the shape of a bunch of flowers, a bit of fruit, or some other delicacy.

In another church the young girls' class in kitchen garden and elementary cooking, serves refreshments at the mothers' meeting once a month. The plates are wooden, the napkins paper, and the viands are simple, but the girls wear the smartest of white caps and aprons, and the serving is done in irreproachable style. The new relation that permits the mother to sit still and be waited upon by the daughter, instead of being the never-resting household drudge, gives a wholesome touch of filial duty.

The "Helping Hand" is but a branch of a great Los Angeles Woman's League, but it suggests a plan which is worked out with various modifications in many mothers' meetings. The poorer women come one afternoon in a week, and after brief devotions they begin sewing. As they sew a talk is given on some practical subject. There are instructors to assist those who do not understand sewing, and to help the work. Mothers are allowed ten cents an hour or twenty-five cents an afternoon, and are paid in the gar-

ments which they have made or repaired. Materials are bought at wholesale, and the women choose such garment as they need for their afternoon lesson. This combines instruction with benevolence in a very friendly and practical way. The plan of a sewing afternoon can be modified so as to make its purpose to help others. Even poor women are glad to be able to do something for those worse off than themselves, and are wonderfully helped and developed by so doing.

In this as in all philanthropic work the motto should be graven on the hearts of the leaders and directors, "Not for, but with the people." It may be hard for the leader to hold in check her own high plans for the "elevation of the masses." But final results will be better to let the work go on for months in channels that seem to her not the best, if at length in response to her quiet, tactful leadership the impulse towards improvement shall seem to come from the mothers. They will not be helped by what is done for them one hundredth part as much as by what they do for themselves. One must be patient with crude efforts, suggest, inspire, help, but leave responsibility with the people whenever possible.

THE DEMANDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Young people do not suffer so much from dullness, though the work of factory and shop is monotonous in its ceaseless repetition of some simple mechanical effort, but once the day's work

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is done a craving for excitement and recreation is the natural reaction from hours of confinement. The child of the city streets has no resources within himself. The girls are unskilled with the needle, the boys with tools. They have no taste for reading, and if they had, close proximity to babies and soap suds is not conducive to literary pursuits. They cannot receive company in their homes, and are too restless to remain long indoors. The street with its good fellowship waits for them. They are used to living, eating, sleeping and working in crowds and are as undisturbed by the public gaze as more favored persons in the privacy of home. There is no lack of cheap amusement. Theatres, dance halls, dime museums, beer gardens, summer excursions, bowling alleys, ball games—what has the Church to offer in competition with these?

With the broadening of the sphere of church activity there is certainly room to provide for the young, through societies and clubs, such recreation as they need, harmless in itself, and so planned as to bring them in contact with a higher standard of life, and to offer opportunities for its attainment.

Working girls' clubs are better small than large, that the leader may be lavish of personal influence. Whether the interest that holds it together be literature or athletics, cooking or lace-making, the real agency of helpfulness will be the personality of the woman in charge. If she have the sympathy and tact to win the confidence of

her girls, she may become to them the dear ideal of gracious womanhood, weaving into the fabric of their lives many a golden thread of womanly purpose.

For the social evil, with its castaways, the Church does its best work through its missions, homes, and refuges whose especial business it is to deal with these classes. But in the way of prevention—ininitely better than cure—the churches have unlimited scope. In the mere matter of providing pure amusement they are fighting vice on its own ground. Stelzle says, "When you have opened one door to any innocent, healthy pleasure you have closed a dozen avenues to sin and shame."

The Committee of Fifteen, appointed in New York City for the investigation of the social evil, laid great stress in their report upon the need of better opportunities for social intercourse and amusement among the working classes. The fascinations of the "Raines Law Hotels" lay in the opportunities they afforded for unrestrained social life with all the sparkle of lights, music and gayety. Their infamy lay in the fact that they were the open doorways to the saloon and the brothel.

"My boy loved music so; it was that led him straight to ruin!" wailed one heart-broken mother. But love for music and all pure and beautiful things must have been given by the Creator to lure us to heaven. Why should we permit the

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emissaries of evil to monopolize good and holy things for unholy uses?

Side by side with the social evil among the foes of the home stands the saloon, and the institutional church which is not an active temperance force will sadly fail of its mission. Saloons are massed in the down-town district, and between them and the homes the children go merrily with their foaming pails. Aside from influencing legislation the Church may fight this evil by education and substitution, and, like the saloon forces, the temperance workers must "keep everlastingly at it." Mothers can be reached on this subject through lessons on cooking, domestic economy, and child-training. Children must be taught in clubs and anti-cigarette leagues, and in Sunday-school—everywhere—that beer is not a food; that it degrades and brutalizes even when not taken in sufficient quantities to intoxicate; and that it inevitably prepares the way for stronger liquors. But the most vigorous campaign of education will fail unless temperance drinks and saloon privileges are put within as easy reach of the working man as intoxicating beverages now are. Just how or by what influence this may best be brought about is still an open question. The church or temperance restaurant has its advocates. Charles Stelzle who writes ably of "The Working Man and Social Problems," thinks these will not win the favor of working men as "they smack too much of paternalism or patronage." It would seem possible

to eliminate this objection while retaining the principle. Some such restaurants have been at least moderately successful. "When doctors disagree" the "how" must be left among the problems which farther experience will decide.

But the campaign of education cannot be pushed too vigorously. Among devices for bringing this question before the people who most need it, nothing has superseded the Temperance Medal Contests so popular a few years ago. They will seldom fail to draw an audience quite outside the usual church attendants. Fathers who drink and fathers who sell liquor will come to the church and listen proudly to Tommie's or Jennie's temperance oration, and incidentally to stirring music and other exercises, who would decline to listen to similar sentiments under any other circumstances whatsoever.

What the Church would give to the future of temperance manhood and womanhood it must hide in the heart of the child to-day.

Side by side with the spirit of loyalty to the club or society there should be steadily cultivated the spirit of helpfulness. The club that seeketh its own life alone shall lose it, should be the principle instilled from the beginning. The mothers' club, be the members ever so poor, can remember the sick or the infirm, or those poorer than themselves, with helpful kindnesses. The young men's athletic club can furnish an evening's entertainment for their elders; the cooking class can surprise their brothers with a "spread";

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the children's clubs can invite their mothers to an exhibit where their best wares and best manners are at the service of their guests; even the smallest children can find some way by which they can make an occasional happy afternoon or evening for parents or friends.

SPECIAL HELPS

The destruction of the poor is their poverty—likewise their ignorance. Such suffer untold wrongs at the hands of unscrupulous business enterprises, that, under the guise of legal forms, violate every law of morals and justice. Loans at ruinous rates of interest, various forms of insurance policies, the contract labor system, selling on the installment plan, and numberless other schemes wring from the poor and helpless the pitiful stipend that is justly theirs. A woman was paying \$2.50 a month interest on a loan of fifteen dollars, in default of which all her furniture was liable to be seized. Asked why she had signed such a bond she replied, "What could I do? We had had scarcely a crust of bread for three days. My baby cried for hunger, and when I put him to my breast he drew blood; there was no milk there. Could I see my children starve?" In other cases persons in similar extremity have signed mortgages calling for 250 and even 300 per cent. interest. Of course a crisis comes sooner or later. The furniture may be seized, and the family broken up. The husband, if he is living, has doubtless deserted before this; the

children are sent temporarily to institutions and the heart-broken mother goes to work alone, hoping in time to gather her household goods around her again.

In most large cities a Bureau of Justice is established for the protection of the poor, but naturally those who need to avail themselves of it know nothing of its existence. Help must come from some nearer and more interested source. If half a dozen responsible lawyers would volunteer to give an hour occasionally, say once a week, to hearing complaints, giving consultation and advice free, their business cards and telephone call in an envelope in the care of some judicious man or woman connected with the church, would constitute a very good supplementary "Bureau of Justice." Matters requiring special or difficult service could be taken to the higher court.

Penny Saving Societies are invaluable for teaching habits of thrift in which, truth to tell, the poor are often sadly deficient. Pennies slip through the dirty hands of the street waif with astonishing rapidity on their way to the slot machine or the seductive candy shop. The hungrier the child the more hurried the transit. Many settlements and public schools have incorporated these societies into their work, but where no other institution provides for the need the church may wisely do so.

A kindergarten the church must surely have unless, as is seldom the case, the public school

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makes adequate provision for all children of kindergarten age. A day nursery where working mothers may leave their babies for the day, is a need to be provided for in some way. Kitchen-garden, basketry, sewing schools, sloyd, and other forms of manual training carry the smallest tots up to the dignity of club life. The messenger boy service in the Sunday-school gives duties and dignity to the growing boy, just at the age when he is likely to be the despair of both Church and state. The children's choir under competent leadership may claim from fifty to two hundred children, and hundreds more will come to hear them sing. If vestments are used the effect is all the more impressive and the poorest children need not be kept out, since the gown covers a multitude of deficiencies in the matter of apparel. The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Club will make a strong bid for the working man; a Mutual Benefit Club, making possible small loans at a low rate of interest, will tide many a family over a hard place and save miserable complications with loan sharks.

Secularizing the work of the Church? The writer remembers well a visit to one such church—its big soul-stirring audiences, its glowing sermons, its old-fashioned class meetings—five or six going on at once in as many different rooms—the fire and fervor of the prayer-meetings. There were other things to be sure, things which our exclusively spiritual brethren deprecate as “running to sociology, civics, literature and

song"; but they ministered to legitimate needs in a wholesome way. A telling fact was that the membership of this church had increased in three years from sixty to more than a thousand souls.

Speaking enthusiastically of this church, however, to a metropolitan friend, a pained expression stole over her face, and she replied rather stiffly, "Our pastor does not approve of their methods. Do come and visit our church; it is said to be the most spiritual church in the city." The following Sabbath I visited "our church," similarly situated. The sermon and the service were irreproachable, but echoed drearily over empty pews. After the sermon a score of white haired saints remained to tell with shining eyes of what God had done for their souls; but ah, the unhearing multitudes! Spiritual it might have been, but all too ascetic to satisfy the humanity-loving Christ.

The cost of carrying on the down-town church is the real problem, since both money and workers must come chiefly from outside. These churches seldom become self-supporting, owing to the constant shifting of the population. As soon as a family acquires tastes and ambitions for better things than the neighborhood affords, it moves out. The Church is constantly losing the best and taking in raw material. But outside churches profit by this. In a certain city four churches in the middle belt recognize the fact that their membership is drawn chiefly from one

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down-town mission church. Yet this church can scarcely bring its membership over the one hundred mark. It is practically a feeder, not only for these four, but for a number of other churches. Its teachers and helpers come from all parts of the city. Its existence is a constant struggle by the aid of volunteer workers to make five thousand dollars do the work of fifty thousand. This struggle will not end until the suburban and other churches realize what is meant by the words, "Ye are the Body of Christ." Not churches, but The Church—each a part of the whole—constituting together the Body of Christ. The suburban church can no more fulfill its mission without the down-town church than the down-town church without the other—no more than the head can perform its work without the heart. Can the hand deck itself with jewels while the feet are clothed in rags, and the whole body be not shamed?

"NO MAN—TO HIMSELF ALONE"

From the standpoint of mere worldly honor the suburbanite may not shirk responsibility for the "submerged masses." The well-to-do citizen betakes himself to the suburbs to escape the dust and smoke and noise of the city, but he still retains his business relations there. His wife goes to the city for her shopping and he to his office. He is content to glean his wealth from the city's heart; does he owe nothing to the sweating, low-browed toilers that he leaves be-

hind when he takes the "five o'clock suburban" for his pretty cottage with its green lawns and embowering shade trees?

Even the far-away country home has an interest in these storm centres of civilization. In helping the struggling city mission it may help to save itself. When every country town and hamlet is pouring its sturdy young life into the great mills of the city it matters much what are the forces making for righteousness where these mills turn out their grist of human lives. When Tom and Mabel go, as they some time will, to seek their fortunes in the city, it matters much if the Christ shall meet them there. They will realize little of His presence in business—more to-day than yesterday, thank God—but He may meet and greet them on the street in the person of His missionaries. They may find Him where some church or mission opens wide its hospitable doors day and night to burdened and homesick hearts. They have left the wide-spreading eaves of home for one little stuffy room; father, mother and friend for a sea of stranger faces; the village church and its social life for the city street. The emissaries of evil watch for them on every corner. Windows sparkle, music tinkles, painted faces smile, theatres flaunt their attractions, friendly voices invite them to haunts of pleasure. If the churches offer but a formal greeting, if they find within them barren walls and chilling atmosphere with gruesome warnings, while their eager young blood clamors for

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fellowship and good cheer, can the Church hope to win and hold them?

The collection for city missions, the barrel of fruit or clothing, even the box of flowers sent from some country town into the city wilderness, may be a loaf cast upon the waters that shall some time help to save the barefoot child now trudging on his way to school along shaded country roads.

BIBLE LESSON

THE MINISTERING CHURCH

The Ministry of Loving Interest. (Heb. 13: 1-3; Gal. 6: 2; Rom 12: 15, 16.)

The Ministry of the Word. (Acts 20: 28; 1 Tim. 4: 16; 1 Peter 5: 2; 1 Thess. 5: 14, 15.)

Faithful Ministry Rewarded. (Acts 2: 47; Matt. 25: 35-40; James 2: 5.)

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Describe four types of city churches, and give examples from your own observation.
2. Describe the evolution of the down-town mission church. What are its alternatives?
3. What messages from the inspired Word direct the course to pursue?
4. What justification has a church for adopting other lines of activity than the devotional services?
5. Where lies the distinction between "sacred" and "secular" enterprises?
6. What may the church profitably learn from settlement methods?

7. What is a house-to-house canvass expected to accomplish?
8. How should relief work be carried on as regards publicity?
9. Describe some conditions in tenement homes that make moral reform difficult.
10. What aid should the church bring to the mother in such homes?
11. What means may it employ to accomplish these ends?
12. What harm may result from always doing for people? Name better ways.
13. In what ways may even the poorest people be helpful to others?
14. How may the church meet the needs of the young people of the neighborhood?
15. In what sense are amusements and recreations moral agencies?
16. Name other helpful enterprises carried on by institutional churches.
17. How are suburban and country churches interested in the problems of the "down-town church"?

COLLATERAL READING

The Workingman and Social Problems, Charles Stelzle. Revell. 75 cents net.

Modern Methods of Church Work, George W. Mead. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Christian Pastor and the Working Church, Washington Gladden. Scribner. \$2.50 net.

A Preacher's Story of his Work, W. S. Rainsford. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.

Down in Water Street, S. H. Hadley. Revell. \$1.00 net.

Chapter on The Church and the People, from The City Wilderness. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

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Chapters X, XI, XII, from *The New Era*, Dr. Josiah Strong. Baker & Taylor Co. 75 cents (paper 35 cents.)

The Boy Problem in the Church, Chapter VI, William B. Forbush. Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

The Church, Chapter X, in *Friendly Visiting Among the Poor*, Mary E. Richmond. Macmillan. \$1.00.

The Institutional Church, Dr. Edward Judson. Wessels & Co. 60 cents net.

The Bible School, A. H. McKinney, Ph.D. Wessels & Co. 60 cents net.

**THE DEACONESS IN CITY
MISSIONS**

THE BURDEN

"O God," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle
Throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I—to bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the others' sin?
Would that my eyes had never opened been!"
And the thorn-crowned and Patient One
Replied, "*They thronged Me too; I too have seen.*"

"Thy other children go at will," I said,
Protesting still.
"They go, unheeding. But these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I have tried ——"
He turned and looked at me; "*But I have died.*"

"But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil
These souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed —
They are not mine."
He looked at them—the look of one divine!
He turned and looked at me; "*But they are Mine.*"

"O God," I said, "I understand at last.
Forgive! and henceforth I will bond-slave be
To Thy least, weakest, vilest ones,
I would not more be free."
He smiled, and said, "*It is to Me.*"
—*Lucy Rider Meyer.*

IV

THE DEACONESS IN CITY MISSIONS

A WOMAN with a travelling bag in her hand stood on a street corner in Chicago, looking about her doubtfully. She wore a plain black dress with white collar and cuffs, a small, plain, black bonnet with white ties knotted in a broad bow under her chin. A ragged street gamin stopped, looked at her, and said respectfully, "Wanter find the Deac'ness Home, ma'am? Go right down the avenue to the next street and there 'tis."

A few months later the same woman paused to get her bearings on a crowded street corner in New York City, when a handsomely dressed matron accosted her: "I beg your pardon, but can I be of any assistance in directing you?" Then, in answer to the woman's involuntary look of surprise, she added, "You are one of our deaconesses, are you not?" The inference is plain—the deaconess is becoming well-known to widely varying classes of city dwellers.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE WORK

The history of the deaconess movement is both ancient and honorable. Since Paul commended to the church of Rome, "Phœbe, our sister," the

deaconess idea has never become quite extinct. Following the fortunes of the early Christian church, with its sacrifices and heroisms, it was superseded during the dark ages by the spirit of asceticism fostered by the papal hierarchy, and the free deaconess became the cloistered nun. But the demands of modern times, and especially the call of the modern city, have brought the deaconess again into prominence. The famous Broadhead Chapel, of Bristol, England, had deaconesses over two hundred years ago. It was from the Mennonite Brethren in Holland that Pastor Fliedner received the idea that developed into the great institutions that have sent fourteen thousand of the faithful and devoted Kaiserswerth deaconesses through Europe, northern Africa and Palestine.

The Church of England and the Wesleyan Church have long employed deaconesses in England, and for more than fifty years the costumes of Lutheran and Episcopalian deaconesses—symbols of blessed service—have been seen in our American cities. In 1895 a Lutheran pastor said in an address before a convention of Methodist deaconesses and workers, "A few years ago, when I heard of the beginnings of deaconess work in the Methodist church, I said, 'Why, those people are taking our tools. I wonder if they will know how to use them.' We have been answered in the result. Within five years your deaconesses have increased from fifty to five hundred, and we are still agitating."

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AMONG THE CHURCHES

The Methodist Episcopal Church has the honor—and consequent responsibility—of having under its care the most extensive deaconess work in this country. The official recognition and endorsement of the governing body of the church—the General Conference—in 1888, made deaconess work a recognized factor of Methodist church polity. Its training schools are sending out scores of new workers yearly—a supply, however, that never equals the demand—and its Deaconess Homes, orphanages, schools and hospitals are havens of shelter and help.

It was in October, 1887, that the first Deaconess Home in American Methodism took local habitation and a name.¹ One of its occupants writes, "We began housekeeping on a small scale in a little flat. The whole visible prospect for the 'Home' consisted of a stove, a bed, a lounge, four chairs and a lamp, a month's rent and our two selves. But we bade our anxious fears subside, prayed much and went forward."

The Methodist Episcopal Church South did not attempt definite city work as early as did that of

¹The honor of practically beginning the deaconess work in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States belongs to Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, of the Chicago Training School, who, during the summer months of 1887, aided by eight earnest Christian women, worked among the poor, the sick and the needy of that great city without any reward of man's giving. The story of the growth of the work, the securing of a permanent home, and the enlargement of its resources is a most interesting one.—*Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson in "Deaconesses in Europe and their Lessons for America."*

the North, other and more pressing conditions demanding its attention. But with the coming in of the new century the growing population and influence of the cities, and especially the rapid increase of factories in the South, have given warning of an impending crisis. The alarm has been sounded, and church and missionary societies are preparing for a vigorous campaign, determined that the city peril shall not become in the South what it is in the northern and middle states. The need of trained workers is apparent, and in 1902 the General Conference of the Church South created the office of deaconess, and the Woman's Home Mission Society enlarged its constitution to include the new form of work. A well-established training-school for Christian workers had already prepared some women for the office, and its work continues. Deaconess Homes are being opened as fast as competent workers can be placed in the field.

Churches of other denominations have manifested warm interest in the deaconess movement, and have often given it generous assistance. Dr. S. L. Morris, in a work on Presbyterian missions in the South and West, says,

"Let the ancient order of deaconesses be revived in our church in the class of devoted women who are willing to surrender everything else for the service of Christ, in Bible readings, in homes of the poor, distributing alms and nursing the sick—helpers like those commended by Paul as 'laboring with him in the gospel.'"

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During the excitement of a great coal strike, a deaconess nurse lived in the homes of the miners, nursing the sick, bringing to the starving ones food that she solicited from the rich, and relieving suffering in every possible way. She won the confidence of both sides, and on one occasion, at least, prevented bloodshed by giving warning of an intended outbreak. She shared the life of the people in this way for months, living on the black bread, coffee and beans that formed the staple diet of the miners.

The Congregational Church of the town, attracted by her heroic work, gave much assistance and finally assumed the entire responsibility, and a prosperous mission work is now growing up through the efforts of this real "sister of the people."

In 1901 a committee appointed by the Illinois State Association of Congregational churches heartily endorsed the deaconess movement and, following a recommendation of the report, a training-school has been established in Chicago.

Even earlier than this, the Baptist Church, which claims to have employed deaconesses from time to time during its entire history, found a providential opening for them in the institutional work of Amity Church, in New York City. A Christian Union for deaconess work was organized in 1894, and the denomination now has several ordained deaconesses and a number of probationers. The accepted costume of both

Baptist and Congregational deaconesses is dark blue with white collar and cuffs.

From the first the development of deaconess work has been along providential lines, each new department being called into existence by a definite need. The workers have "prayed much and gone forward." The scope for deaconess work is so broad as to offer practically no restriction to the Christian woman willing to devote her one talent or her ten talents to the cause of humanity under the direction of the church. "To minister to the poor, care for the sick, provide for the orphan, comfort the sorrowing, seek the wandering, save the sinning, and, relinquishing all other pursuits, devote herself to these and other forms of Christian labor"—what broader field could Christian philanthropy ask?

"WHAT IS A DEACONESS?"

The question is still asked, "In what respects does the deaconess differ from other missionary workers?" Certainly the differences in no way touch moral character. But the city missionary, the equal of the deaconess in goodness, in self-sacrifice, in devotion to her work, may or may not have had special training for it. The deaconess must have passed a definite time in the special study and practice of her profession before she receives her license. The missionary is not costumed. The deaconess wears a specified garb for identification and protection. The missionary receives a salary based upon the value of

her work. Deaconesses receive support and a small monthly allowance for clothing and personal expenses, with the assurance that they will be cared for if broken down or superannuated in the service. The chief advantage of the unsalaried plan is that the allowance does not vary with the field or with the responsibilities assumed, so that all temptation to choose one's field of labor for financial reasons is removed. The deaconess, moreover, is a recognized officer of the church, specially set apart and consecrated for her work. Trained and tested for general work she can and should have specific preparation for the special phase of that work to which her consecrated energies are to be directed—as nurse or visitor, a leader in kindergarten or other institutional work, in charge of a day nursery, a rescue home or an orphanage, as a "Travellers' Aid," an evangelist, or a teacher. The need for workers in departments like these exists in almost every city in our land, and must be supplied by the churches as soon as possible. And from what source can that supply so well be drawn as from the ranks of women officially set apart and trained for such service?

If the deaconess is to fulfill her mission to the sick she must have training. There must be hospitals for this, and also for the sick poor who can rarely be properly cared for in their dark, crowded, unsanitary homes. In answer to this double need, deaconess hospitals have been established. Perhaps no work appeals more directly

to suffering humanity than that of the nurse deaconess. Certainly none demands stronger fibre, both physically and spiritually. It is impossible to supply the demand for capable, intelligent, consecrated women who are willing and able to perform this duty. Numerous hospitals have been proffered to those in charge of deaconess work, and refused because of the impossibility of securing enough deaconesses to "man" them.

The deaconess nurse goes preferably into the homes of the poor, bringing the skilled touch of the nurse and the loving heart of Christian womanhood to the service of the neediest. Contagion has no terrors for her. Fever or diphtheria is welcomed as a foeman worthy of her steel. Filth, vermin, and dangerously unsanitary conditions are matters of every-day occurrence. No service so quickly opens the heart to good influences as this which comes in hours of deepest need and helplessness, to lead the heart through human tenderness to the source of all goodness and love. Whole families have been won to Christ through the services of a Christian nurse.

The deaconess who works for a church, or a mission, to which she has been assigned, is not there to carry on, single-handed, the charitable or evangelistic work of the church. A wise woman in this capacity may do much to bring the extremes of social conditions into personal and sympathetic relations. Not less but more interest in the poor, and greater effort in their behalf,

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should result from the presence of the deaconess. When pastor and people have done their share there will still be enough left to tax all her resources. As she starts on her round of calls she never knows what emergencies may meet her half-way. It may be a mother distracted over a wayward child, or a destitute family about to be turned into the street for non-payment of rent; it may be sorrow or death in the home of rich or poor; it may be domestic trouble that must be hid from friends and neighbors, but may be poured into the ears of this bearer of other men's burdens. Whatever the emergency, the deaconess must bring to it all her resources of heart and mind, and the help of the Divine Comforter. "You put me on God," said a poor, unlettered woman to the patient visitor. "When you are long gone, I don't seem to think much about 'im, an' then you comes an' talks to me till it seems like e's right here."

The deaconess rightfully looks to the church and its members for the necessary facilities for carrying on her work. She must often devise and develop new lines of helpful work. Teachers for her industrial school must be sought in homes of leisure. Pictures and books loaned by those who have them may open windows for the poor into the world beautiful. Homes of wealth entertain, through her, parties of children or mothers. Food and clothing are received and placed where they will do the most good. In many ways, the deaconess bridges the gulf be-

tween rich and poor, and becomes herself a sort of peripatetic settlement, the difference being that the people go to the settlement while the deaconess goes to the people.

At home the visiting deaconess is likely to spend hours in the "poor closet," hunting out garments for Fritz or Maggie or Gustav, preparing lessons for her Sunday-school or industrial classes, or plans for her children's or mothers' meeting. She must meet callers, make out reports for pastor or superintendent, care for her room and wardrobe, and she does well if in the multiplicity of duties she can find an hour for her own soul's culture; and yet no one needs this more than she who is constantly giving of her best self for others.

In the great rushing tide of human life pouring into our country from other lands, and from one part of the country to another, the most helpless elements are young, unprotected girls, and mothers with little children. These need to be safeguarded from the snares, the oppression and greed of the unknown world of the great city, and the deaconess on the dock and in the railroad station finds a field for service as "Travelers' Aid," and many have had cause to bless her intelligent guidance and gentle ministrations. The close study of the Bible and its use in Christian work, together with the practical training in personal work which a deaconess receives in her course of preparation, is of primary importance in evangelistic work whether in the mission, the

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home or the street. Added to this the study of psychology and child life fits for various forms of work among children.

Not all the city work of the deaconess is done within city limits, for waifs of the street are gathered into Homes, and these are often located in outlying villages or in the country. There are orphanages and homes of this character at Lake Bluff, and Urbana, Illinois, and in Verbank, New York. In the summer, "Fresh Air Work," in its varied forms, is a heavy tax upon the strength and resources of city deaconesses.

"If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any human being," says George Macdonald, "I shall not have lived in vain." In several "rosy sunset" Homes, the tender hands of deaconesses minister to the needs of old people during their declining years.

To be able to meet emergencies as they arise, and to live up to the requirements of her office, the deaconess must be kind, tender, sympathetic and yet decided. She should be fertile in resources and prompt in action, an expert in diplomacy, patient and tactful, and a shrewd judge of human nature. She must be able to turn nurse, cook, preacher or musician, in case of need, and to meet representatives of all classes of society with equal grace. To these advantages, she needs to add a constitution of steel and whalebone. All this without reference to the deep and strong religious life without which no woman should think of taking up this work.

But when all this is said, the real significance of the employment of unsalaried workers lies untouched. It consists less in what the deaconess is, and what she does, than in the standard that the entire plan sets for Christian activity. However full of human frailty the individual deaconess may be, if the establishment of the office of deaconesses succeeds in bringing back into the church an almost forgotten ideal—though it be only an ideal—it has justified its place and presence in the world. The deaconess is a blessing less in what she is than in what she aspires to be.

And is there not needed, in this money-mad, materialistic age, such a resetting of the almost forgotten standard of sacrifice and service “for Jesus’ sake.” When the dollar is often the standard of value, not only in commerce but in character, it may be good to learn again the Christ lesson that not what a man gains but what he gives is the measure of his worth to the world. And just this is the lesson of the office and work of the deaconess.

FIELD NOTES

WHERE SUN NEVER SHINES

Turn down this flight of dirty steps leading from the sidewalk. Never mind the vile odor that meets you half-way. You will get used to that. Don’t pull the bell too hard. It’s only an

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old hand bell tied with a string and is likely to drop on the floor inside. Go carefully through this long, black passage; there will be a ray of light when the door is opened at the farther end. Here we are. "What a vile den," did you say? Yes, but it means home to seven human beings. Five children learn here all this world has to give them for those two blessed words, home and mother.

The few rays of daylight coming through that narrow window are helped out by this smoky kerosene lamp, and yet the room seems dark. Better gather your neat skirts closely around you! That kettle on the rusty stove contains pork and beans from the county agent. The odors, mingled with those of the lamp and the foul air of the basement, are not at all appetizing.

Notice those old garments hung to dry on a line stretched across the room. What a contrast to your own sun-dried linen, fragrant with the scent of grass or whitened with frost. Have you ever frowned virtuously over the shortcomings of the city washerwoman? Then think of washing done by the light of that dull lamp, and dried in this low, dirty room, and learn to be charitable. For the mother must wash or the children must starve.

There are only the five children in the room. "Mother is out washing," explains the oldest girl. The sickly-looking baby sits on a high chair by the bare table. A tin wash basin takes the place of the missing chair-bottom, and in this

uncomfortable seat the poor little legs are doubled up in a way that suggests an entire absence of bones. He does not take kindly to your advances but turns away his head and presently breaks out into a doleful crying. Did you ever notice a slum baby's cry? There is no display of baby temper. It is too lifeless for that—no surprise or indignation finding vent in vigorous yells—but the dreary, just-what-I-expected look merely deepens a little and finds natural expression in a hopeless wail, just as the gray, over-charged clouds melt into rain.

You suggest milk as a panacea for infant grievances, but there is none in the house. It takes but a moment to bring some from the nearest bakery and warm it on the stove. The child drains the cup and its cries are hushed. The two next older look on hungrily, but say never a word. But there is plenty for them and they take the cup you offer and drink its contents at one breath. Their eyes thank you while your own are getting a little dim. Three babies and no milk!

But what about the father? Do you see that open door back of the stove, a black blot on the side of the room. It is the entrance to a tiny, low bedroom. It suggests the den of some animal, but there lies the father, sick with pneumonia. There are no sheets nor pillow cases on the bed and the mattress is green with mold. Will he get well? It is doubtful. He may get "so as to be around," and drag out a listless,

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death-in-life existence, but real physical or mental health in such surroundings—impossible!

You turn half indignantly to the little housekeeper, a thin slip of a girl eleven years old, but looking even younger as she stands bending backward with the weight of the baby in her arms. The words die on your lips as you measure her slender strength against the weight of poverty, filth and ignorance, crushing the child-life out of her. What can she do as nurse, housekeeper and mother all in one?

You think of Hercules and his Augean stables. But Hercules needed for his task floods of water, and pure air and sunshine, and broad, free spaces. You wonder what even his strength would avail here; and suddenly you realize that to save this one family you have to face all the problems of the modern city. The health commission, the landlord question, the pauperizing influence of alms-giving, faulty education, labor and wage problems—all are concerned in the condition of things in this one cellar.

“IKEY”

From the first he was something of a conundrum to the workers at the mission. They came to notice a small, sober face, with a pair of big, black, unsmiling eyes always levelled straight at the speaker. The face was nearly always there, whether the service was a sermon, a grown-up prayer-meeting, or a children's meeting. When they undertook to make his acquaintance they

learned that his name was "Ikey," that he was nine years old, that he had younger brothers and sisters, and that his father kept a "store" where he dealt out cheap groceries in infinitesimal quantities to the poor people round about. For the rest, the unmistakable Jewish cast of features told its own story.

Ikey always takes life in dead earnest. The deaconess who works in the mission avers that she saw him smile once, but no one else ever ventures such a statement. Doubtless he has his reason for not looking upon life as a laughing matter. A visitor from the mission went, one day, to call upon Ikey's mother, but was met with such an outburst of Jewish wrath that she never cared to repeat the experiment.

One evening the minister asked those who wished to be Christians to raise their hands, and Ikey's hand went promptly up. The deaconess went to him, not certain that he understood what was meant by the action. She found that he was quite ready to go forward and kneel with the others at the altar.

"Why do you want to do that?" she asked; and, looking straight into her eyes, he answered soberly, "I want to know Jesus." That was enough, and she knelt by his side.

"Do you know how to pray?" she asked.

"I can say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,'" he replied. "That's the only Christian prayer I know." And so he prayed "Our Father," and the deaconess tried to teach him more about Jesus.

Next day she called at the boy's home. She was received with outward civility, and she tried as best she could to make the way smooth for the child's feet. As she was about to go, she offered her church card, saying, "I know this is not your church, but it could do no harm for you to come in occasionally and get acquainted with us."

But then the father's struggling indignation burst forth. "No, we want nottinks of your church. We keep away. And when our shildrens are shmall we keep them away; but when they get big like Ikey, then they will go in spite of us all, and you get them away from us. But we keep the shmall ones so long we can."

AN "UNWORTHY CASE"

"Is it worth while?" thought the deaconess nurse as she brushed and aired the dress she had just taken off, examining plait and gather for the "things creeping" which she was likely to find there. The worst of it was that the patient for whose sake she was braving these loathsome conditions seemed not to care in the least for her ministrations, never indicated by word or sign that it mattered to her whether she were cared for or not.

But she was dying. The sunken eye, the cough that seemed to tear the wasted form to pieces, told that, at best, but a few weeks of life remained to her—dying with the apathetic submission of a wounded beast that crawls away

from its fellows to meet the last enemy alone. But she had a soul, and Christ had died to redeem her.

And so the nurse went day after day, carrying food for the children and such comfort as she might for the woman, with never a sign from the dying woman that it meant aught to her. Is it any wonder that the nurse—being but human—was sometimes tempted to say in despair, “She has lived like a beast; why not leave her to die like one, since she does not care?”

But not always had the poor creature lived thus. Good, garrulous Mrs. O'Brien, next door, was always ready with her testimony: “Sure, an' it's a hard workin' woman she's always been, an' seven years a widdy. It's many a night she's set up till afther midnight a-mendin' clo'es for the childer an' doin' her own work, afther washin' all day at the tubs. An' when she fell sick an' was turned on the strate for a bit of rent, it was meself that put me hand in me pocket an' made it right for her. An' she'll tell ye the same hersilf if ye'll ask her.”

One day the nurse, to cheer her own fainting courage, began to sing in her native tongue an old Norwegian hymn—a hymn with a ring of faith and victory in it. A sound from the bed made her turn. The woman was sobbing aloud.

“Oh, that song! Where did you learn it? It was my mother's that she used to sing at home in the old country.”

From that time the apathy was gone. When

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the end was very near, she said to the nurse, "You have done for me what no other ever did or could. I give my children to you to find a home for them. As for me, it is all right; I am trusting the Saviour you pray to." And with the names of her children on her lips she entered the dark valley, comforted and sustained by the human love which is but a shadow of that on the other side. Was it not worth while?

HER ONLY TREAT

A deaconess was planning with her Mothers' Club to spend a day with them in one of the parks, and the question of the best time for the excursion was under discussion.

"Oh, don't have it earlier than the middle of June!" said one of the tired-looking women. "It'll be the only treat I'll have, and after that's over the rest of the summer will seem so long with nothing to look forward to."

AMONG ITALIANS

It was a pretty sight to one accustomed to the impassive face and restrained manners of the Anglo-Saxon to watch the animated faces of the women leaning eagerly forward when the deaconess drew forth her little Italian Testament and began reading the words of the Saviour—words that reach every heart, of whatever race or nation. As the reader paused for a word of explanation she of the earrings would nod emphatically and, turning, repeat it to her husband.

The deaconess closed the book and quick as thought a pillow was whisked from the bed for her to kneel upon. These were her mission folk, and all, men, women and children, knelt together, and in the soft, liquid Italian a prayer went up in which I could only distinguish the word "Padre." It was enough—the Father heard and understood.

A PENNY PROVIDENT CLUB

The sewing school forms the base of operations for a Penny Provident Club, organized by the deaconess to promote habits of saving and economy. The pennies that would otherwise go for gum and candy are brought and exchanged for stamps that are pasted into the little "bank books." When the amount reaches one dollar, interest is paid. Within a year \$185.00 has thus been placed to the credit of the children. Many pathetic little incidents come out in connection with this work. One little girl lifted a pair of big brown eyes to her teacher's face and asked, "Can I have some other name put on my book 'stead of mine?"

"Why do you want to do that, dear?" was the query.

"'Cause my little brother is in the crippled children's hospital and I want to give all my pennies to him," was the artless answer.

"All my pennies" consisted of two cents a week which she earned caring for a neighbor's baby.

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Often, after the small savings reach the sum of two, three, or five dollars, hard times strike the family. The father falls sick or loses his "job" and is obliged to draw on the little ones' savings to keep the wolf from the door. They are usually given up with complacency, and a new fund is at once begun.

AT A HOME OF WEALTH

A deaconess rang at the front door of a splendid mansion and asked if the mistress were at home.

"Yes," said the servant, "but she is in trouble."

"Show me to her at once," said the caller.

The wealthy woman was found in misery over a wayward daughter who had left her home.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed, "that you should have come to me at this hour."

The result was that the lost was found and the whole family lifted to a higher plane of life.
—*Youth's Companion*.

ONLY A ROSE

In a poverty-stricken district lived a woman of dissolute habits, who had tasted the dregs of life, and was seldom sober. One day a deaconess, walking down the street with a fresh-blown rose in her hand, passed old Mag. The woman's eyes followed the rose hungrily, and the deaconess stopped and handed it to her.

Old Mag shrank back, saying, "You wouldn't give it to me, would you?"

"Why, certainly, I will," was the answer, and she passed down the street, leaving the old woman staring at the rose in her hand.

Three months after this, the deaconess was called to the bedside of a woman who was dying in a dingy garret. She drew from under her pillow a dried and faded rose, and said, "It is the rose you gave me. I often look at it, and it makes me think of home."

It is only the story of a rose, but it tells of hungry hearts that may be turned to better things by little kindly deeds.—*Sel.*

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

Nine times within the past year one woman, wearing the deaconess garb, has been called upon to leave the work in which she was engaged to accept another position of responsibility. Each time the call has been made on the ground of the great need of that particular field, and she has been urged to consider whether it is not the Lord's will that she should accept it. And this, when the work in which she was engaged seemed to her the one absorbing opportunity, and that to which she was called of God.

Surely there is something wrong in this. God never made one person, man or woman, to fill ten places at once. And just as truly, if these other things need to be done—and it seemed they truly did—He has made some other woman

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capable of doing each of them. What are these other nine women about? Are they doing work that a hundred others stand ready to do as well as they? Are they frittering away their precious years with fancy work, social dissipation, frivolous calls and amusements? Is the world being made better because they are alive?

My sister, are you one of these nine? I do not ask, if you are busy—who ever heard of a woman who was not busy?—but are you busy about the very best things you are capable of?

Do you know the very best thing a man or woman can do with a life is to give it away? Actually to give it, freely, recklessly, gladly, as the Lord Jesus gave His? Thousands of unknown saints and martyrs are doing this day by day for the sake of loved ones, for husbands, wives, children, parents. All honor to them. But there are thousands more who have no such tender and immediate ties—thousands who have time, talent, money, that might be used in a broader way for the sake of the great, sick, sorrowful world. Don't sell your life. There is no great, uplifting joy in a commercial transaction. Give it, give it, and thank God for the privilege. Give it and see how the "joy of the Lord" will flow back, a great flood, to enrich your own heart and life.

Plain living? Hard work? Uncongenial companionship? What does it matter? Serge is as warm as satin, love sweetens labor, and as for companionship, the Lord Himself will walk with

you. You will find Him in the weary, pitiful faces of mothers, and the innocent smiles of childhood. He said it—"Ye did it unto Me."

Rise up, then, ye women that are at ease, ye careless daughters! Give ear to the voice of Him that would call you from a life of self-seeking that leads to death to the life of self-renunciation which alone is true living. "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever." Peace, quietness, confidence—can you find them in idle pleasure-seeking? But blessed will you be in sowing beside all waters deeds of peace and love.

O my sisters! you "careless daughters" of the King—I ask you—not to be missionaries or deaconesses or evangelists—I ask you to search your own hearts by the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and ask yourself if some one of these nine vacant places be not waiting for you.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

DEACONESS NOTES

The Romish Church has won its victories in America far more through its white-capped sisters than its black-cassocked brethren. A Catholic priest converted to Protestantism said recently in a public address, "The Catholic Church does not fear the Methodist Church, nor the Presbyterian Church, nor the Mennonite Church. But it does fear these women in little bonnets with white strings who are followed in the street by the children and who go into the homes and win the hearts of the mothers. They might shut the door in the face of priest or preacher, but who can shut the door in the face of a woman

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who comes with heart full of love and hands full of flowers to nurse your sick child or to lift the burden of work and care from your wearied shoulders? They are what the Catholic Church fears."

In and near three of the principal cities of our land there are 5,300 "sisters." Think what it would mean to Protestantism to have in these cities 5,300 deaconesses. But we have some, and the number is growing. Hospitals, orphanages, schools—what may we not undertake once the now unused energies of our free women bend themselves to the work?

Every Protestant Church has now associated with it a board of women who are directing the mission energies of women in our home land. And the sociological problems of life! What is not the deaconess of the home mission work doing to interpret to those in sheltered homes who have the benefits of kindly, refined association, the privations and hardships of the coarse and the degraded, those who have been deprived of their rightful heritage—a fair chance in God's good world? Surely it is a great work to convince these half-maddened, desperate people that society is not a devouring monster to which must be contributed in a cruel way the toil, the life-energies, the virtue, and the goodness of the masses for the benefit of the few. As an interpreter of Christian sociology the deaconess, the Protestant Sister of Charity, who gives her life freely to others, is the best exponent.—*Jane Bancroft Robinson.*

Why has the deaconess work been so successful? Why is it attracting such eager attention and expectation from those who love God and humanity? One might answer in the words of one of the wisest of our Bishops, "It furnishes the principal meeting-place between the Church and the lapsed masses." But there is, I believe, a more profound reason. The world wants mothering. Mother-love has its part to do in winning the world for Christ as well as father-wisdom and guidance.

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The deaconess movement puts the mother into the Church. It supplies the feminine element so greatly needed in the Protestant Church, and thus is rooted deep in the very heart of humanity's needs.—*Lucy Rider Meyer.*

BIBLE LESSON

GOD'S CALL TO SERVICE AND ITS BLESSINGS

(To be read responsively)

Rise up, ye women that are at ease ; hear my voice, ye careless daughters.—Is. 32 : 9.

Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying : This is the way ; walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.—Is. 30 : 21.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear. Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty : for He is thy Lord ; and worship thou Him.—Ps. 45 : 10, 11.

Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.—Is. 55 : 12.

I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, which is a servant [deaconess] of the church that is at Cenchrea : that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you :

For she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself, also.

Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus :

Unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles.—Rom. 16 : 1-5.

Help those women that labored with me in the Gospel.—Phil. 4 : 3.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.—Is. 32 : 20.

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REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What is the first authentic mention of the deaconess in literature ?
2. What centres of deaconess work exist in Europe ?
3. What church first introduced deaconesses into America ?
4. When and by what authority was the deaconess movement made a part of Methodist Church polity ?
5. What beginnings of deaconess work have been made in other than Methodist denominations ?
6. When and under what auspices was deaconess work incorporated into the Methodist Church South ?
7. What are the differences between a deaconess and a city missionary ?
8. What training should a deaconess receive ?
9. Name various forms of work in which deaconesses are engaged.
10. What is the relation of the deaconess to the Church ?
11. How may church members coöperate with the deaconess, and thus increase the efficiency of her work ?
12. What is the real meaning of the deaconess movement ?

COLLATERAL READING

History of the Deaconess Movement, Rev. C. Golder.
Eaton & Mains. \$1.75.

Deaconesses in Europe and their Lessons in America, Jane Bancroft Robinson. Eaton & Mains. 90 cents.

Deaconesses, Lucy Rider Meyer. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents.

Deaconess Stories, Lucy Rider Meyer. Hope Pub. Co., Chicago. \$1.00.

How to Help the Poor, Mrs. James T. Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60 cents.

Friendly Visiting among the Poor, Mary E. Richmond.
Macmillan. \$1.00.

Essays, Octavia Hill. May be obtained through Bureaus of
Associated Charities. 10 cents.

Publications of the denominational societies. The largest
assortment is issued by the Woman's Home Missionary Society
of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 150 Fifth Ave., New York
City.

CHILDREN'S WORK

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST¹

When the Lord of the great and the little,
The potter whose hand shapes our clay,
Sets a child in the midst of the market
Where the world-peoples chatter all day,
Sets a child with its innocent questions,
Its flower-face dimpled and fine,
In the very heart's core of the clamor,
A thought of the Maker Divine : —

And men, in their lust for dominion,
Their madness for silver and gold,
Crush the beauty and charm from that spirit,
Make the flower-face withered and old,
Bind the hands and the feet with a tether
That childhood can never untie,
Deem not that Jehovah unheeding
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

He sees, though we think Him unseeing,
He knows when the factory wheels
Grind down to the life-blood of children ;
When the poor little bond-servant kneels
In the pang of its frightful abasement ; —
Though all men are deaf to its prayer,
There is coming a dark day of judgment,
And the Lord of the child will be there.

From the mine where the midnight engulfs it,
From the mill where the clogged air is thick
With the dust of the weaving that chokes it ;
From the home where it's fevered and sick
With man's toil, when God meant it for gladness,
The child in the midst, in our clay
God-moulded, greed-marred, calls to heaven
For the vengeance we're daring to-day.

—Margaret Sangster.

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CHILDREN'S WORK

A COLLECTION of clippings lies upon my library table. They have been gathered during the past six or seven years with no definite purpose in view, being merely such articles as appealed at the time to a reader interested in city philanthropies, especially such as concern children. But though the collection claims no scientific value it is not without suggestiveness. It divides naturally into three parts. The first consists of clippings from the daily newspaper with such head lines as these: "Held up by Boy Bandits," "Boy Shoots another Boy," "Train Robbers were Boys," "School of Crime for Boys is Discovered," "Boys organize a Band of Burglars. Four of them arrested, ranging in age from eight to fourteen years. The one who tells of the robbery so small he has to be lifted up that the judge may see him."

The second collection is for the most part from publications of a more dignified character—magazines, weeklies, organs of philanthropic societies, etc. They contain descriptions of city missionary work, free kindergartens, work of the juvenile courts, fresh air camps, settlement work, experiments in boys' clubs, and other

enterprises carried on for the social betterment of the children of the "other half."

The third, and the smallest of the three collections, is composed of clippings from religious journals which, with one exception, are appeals and exhortations to churches and pastors to give more attention to teaching the children and gathering them into the fold of the church.

The moral, if moral there be to so cursory a collection of evidence, is: First: that there is a frightful tendency towards degeneration among the youth of our cities. It is safe to assume that this extends to both sexes, for though it is the boy who figures in police reports, it can be depended upon that the girls of a given locality are not essentially better than the boys. Second: that society is becoming aware of this tendency and is making a considerable, though inadequate, effort to meet the emergency with corrective agencies. Third: that the church is only beginning to realize the crisis in answer to the appeals of reformers. In justice to the church it must be said that the work of settlements and other philanthropies is largely carried on by individuals who have had their inspiration from the teachings of Christ. Still it remains that merely social betterment stops short of that vital renewing of depraved nature which the churches believe essential to real reformation, and, believing, should use their utmost efforts to bring about. But while social philanthropists point to what is being done in their special field, the

church is only just beginning to assert what she ought to do in hers. Leaders of thought in different denominations call attention to this fact. Dr. Ellis, writing in the *Christian Advocate Daily*, says :

“We are neglecting the children of the church. The provisions which Methodism makes for retaining the children within its fold are not excelled in Protestantism. But while some churches faithfully devote their efforts to keeping their children while they have them, we persistently ignore our own plan, if, indeed, we are all aware that we have any such plan. We allow our children to pass out from our influence into a sinful, Christless world, and then give ourselves to the almost hopeless task of bringing them into the church. It is a tremendous mistake and we are beginning to see it.”

A short time ago a pastor in reporting a revival for his church paper said: “We have had during the past four weeks sixty-four conversions, *not counting the children.*” The principle of “not counting the children” has brought the church to the necessity of counting the vacant spaces where the children ought to be. It has brought us to the point of considering, if not counting, the innumerable multitudes of children wandering into forbidden paths. The church owes it to itself to save its own. It owes it to the world to go out into the byways and gather the neglected children of the tenement districts and train them for Christian citizenship.

The children of a past generation marched in a great procession through the streets of a city carrying a banner inscribed, "Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up." It would be well if once there could march through the elm-shaded avenues of our wealthy districts the army of its poor children—thousands upon thousands—hunger-pinched children of the alleys, sharp-eyed street gamins, the city Ishmaelites, "little mothers" bending under their burdens, factory children robbed of their childhood; and on their banner should be written, "Tremble, civilization; tremble, church and state; we shall grow up."

THE CITY'S WAIFS

What is the value of a child? We look at the plant as it unfurls its first tiny leaves with a sort of tender awe. It is so frail, so wonderful. All the promise of the future—sturdy stem and rich fruit—is in it. A finger would crush it, a breath turn it awry. A touch to-day is a gnarled knot in the tree trunk a century hence. But the babies, with all the potency of the future in their wondering eyes, with divine mysteries of life and character hidden in their unconscious hearts, are tossed "uncounted" into the black current of city life, to sink or swim as fate wills. Was it Huxley who said, "If I could have my choice to be born in the wilds of Africa or in a London slum, I would choose the former"? He knew that nature would be a more tender parent than civilization. At best the city

is a hard stepmother, and to the child of poverty her tender mercies are cruel indeed.

From the first the tenement child is deprived of his natural heritage—mother-love, father-protection, plenty of God's free air and sunshine, food and warmth enough to develop body and brain to its limit—what less could he claim of the world into which he is ushered?

Instead, he breathes foul vapors, he is fed with horrible concoctions, his tender brain is stupefied with tea, coffee and beer. His father is embruted with drink; his mother is ignorant of her duties and crushed under a burden of care and toil. The last baby is left to the care of the other babies, and family discipline is what might be expected. "He cried and cried," said a boy of ten of his baby brother. "The more I played for him the harder he yelled. I got mad and give him a good thump on the head and then he went to sleep."

ENVIRONMENT

Meantime, what influences are shaping the soul of this little heir of immortality? The bird and the beast may pick up their food where they find it, but when the hungry little human animal picks his morsel from the fruit vender's stall the majesty of the law, in the person of a big, blue-coated policeman, swoops down upon him. He has no inherent sense of property rights, and his education supplies none. Authority is the policeman; authority is against him. Naturally he

grows shrewd in supplying his needs by outwitting the law. Truth and falsehood are unknown terms. The only thing he has to consider is what story best serves his purpose, and he develops abnormal cunning in concealing circumstances derogatory to himself. Street car transfers are picked up on the corners and sold to waiting passengers. Coal from the trail of loaded wagons keeps alight the family hearth. But he soon learns that stores of the precious commodity heaped in vast coal sheds afford much easier picking, if only one can keep a sharp lookout for the "cop." An empty house is a treasure trove. Lead pipes and faucets can be sold to the junk man and no questions asked. Life now is full of excitement and adventure, and daring, breathless escapes. There are multitudinous stairways and blind alleys and devious passageways along which one can fly, and dark sheds and cellars where, hidden, one can watch the policeman puffing harmlessly out of sight. Some other time he will cajole the representative of law, hang on his coat, and, in a truce of hostilities, curry favor by carrying beer for him from the saloon.

For some inscrutable reason, to him, he is required to attend school at times and seasons, and, in spite of protest, he has absorbed the ability to read and write a little. His mother tongue is Bohemian, German, Polish or Italian, but he has also learned the English, which his mother does not speak at all and his father but little—a fact

which gives him immense advantage over both, which he fully appreciates.

It is not enough that temptations come inevitably through the struggle for existence, but commercial greed is laying traps for his childish feet. His boys' world is full of literature of the most lurid sort, blood-curdling stories of lawlessness and adventure. Doubtless he has smoked cigarettes and drunk beer from his babyhood, but the saloonkeeper uses every nefarious art at his command to see that by no manner of means does he escape the alcoholic appetite. Teachers in public schools are constantly finding that candy sold to school children contains liquor. Called to the telephone one evening by one of my mission protégés, a little fellow of ten or eleven, I asked, "Where are you?" "In Raggio's saloon," was the answer.

"Why do you go there to 'phone? Why not go to a drug store?"

"Aw, them old 'phones are too high up. I can't reach only the saloon ones," came the cogent and convincing reply.

At a meeting of the Ohio State Liquor Dealers' League, one of the speakers made use of the following language: "It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent upon the creation of an appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be as empty as our coffers. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys.

After men are grown and their habits are formed they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetites have been formed. Above all things, create appetite."

The passion for getting something for nothing, sharpened by a life of adventure and lawlessness, finds its gratification in all sorts of gambling devices. A visit to almost any of the shops where candy and supplies are sold, in the vicinity of our public schools, will reveal lottery schemes of various kinds—prize candies, slot machines and wheels of fortune, into which the children drop their pennies in the hope that, by a fortunate whirl, they will get more than they deposit. At recess these are surrounded by a crowd of youngsters trying their luck and discussing their gains and losses with each other. Fruit stores have rear rooms screened off where boys are permitted to play cards and dice. Wherever negro children gather, the policy shop flourishes, some times in barber shops, in coal offices, in old buildings apparently deserted, or in the lofts of livery barns. Long before the child is able to discern good from evil he has become familiar with vice in its most loathsome forms, and the child who sees and knows all evil will accomplish a miracle if he keeps himself pure from it. In one police precinct in New York, where there were a hundred

licensed and unlicensed centres of social vice, it was recently found that children were given candies and pennies to distribute the cards of these houses, and boys were stationed at intervals in the street to give warning of the appearance of the police, a regular system of such "lighthouses" being maintained.

WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILD?

Of course there are laws against such boy traps as these, but laws need intelligence and public spirit for their enforcement, and in the great central districts the low standard of morality permits such vices to flourish unmolested. There are spasms of reform when preachers or newspaper reporters dip down into the moral filth and bring its unsavory conditions to the gaze of the public. Then the police raid these enterprises right and left; newspapers air the results; good people lift their hands in horror, and law breakers fly to cover and wait until the excitement subsides, when they return like flies to a honey pot.

It is evident that the dive and the gambling den are making their bid for the boy. The saloon-keeper wants him. He is welcome at the cheap theatre and the dime museum, whose managers frequently distribute free tickets to school children. If the church, the mission and the settlement also want him they must bestir themselves and secure him before it is too late.

Meantime, what of the girl? She has her own besetments, but they centre more around the home. She may be locked either in or out when the mother goes to her work, but if out she will not wander so free and far as her brother. But the home itself is a source of danger. Jacob Riis says: "The boundary line of the 'other half' lies through the tenements. Here all influences make for evil, because . . . above all they touch family life with a deadly moral contagion." The report of the Committee of Fifteen before referred to gives as a prolific source of vice these crowded tenements and the moral degradation which is their inevitable accompaniment. If the worst does not occur, there is such a lowering of standards of purity as to make the fatal step easy. Mere children who are guilty of the sins of adults constitute "the most pitiable and at the same time the most dangerous element in the problem of the social evil." Often it happens that because of the discrepancy between the character of the crime and the youth of the offender there is no handle by which the courts can take hold of the case. All that the judge can do is to give a useless warning and send the offender back to conditions that make moral reformation impossible. The public is ignorant of the extent of this evil, but wherever ignorance, depravity and bestial drunkenness are herded together in swarming tenements one may well tremble for defenseless childhood.

CHILD LABOR

But however neglected the child may be up to the age of ten or twelve, soon after this he becomes an important factor in the family equation. A dollar or two a week added to the family income—especially if years of hardship or dissipation are beginning to tell upon the parents—is too important a matter to permit any question of the child's future development to be weighed in the balance with it. From the beginning it is expected that children will work for the parents. If physical or moral deterioration has gone too far, it is at this time that the child begins his career of vagrancy or crime which will land him in prison or the poorhouse. Otherwise he joins the army of child toilers which is becoming scarcely less a menace to the nation's welfare.

When Elizabeth Barrett Browning stirred the heart of England with her cry,

“Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers?”

America said, “That is for the Old World ; it will never apply here.” But, insidiously, with the upward sweep of our manufacturing interests, has come the “under feed” of the system, the vast army of the children upon whose labor much of the profit of the system depends. The last Bulletins of the Labor Bureau give startling revelations as to the extent to which the great textile factories, the silk mills, the glass works, as well as the mines, are appropriating the young flesh and

blood of the nation. Between 1890 and 1900 the number of children in the United States employed in gainful occupations was increased by almost a million. Eight hundred textile factories of the South alone employ fifty thousand children. Certain trades, such as candy, snuff, tobacco, and paper box manufacturing, are called "baby trades" because of the large proportion of child toilers they employ.

It is true that the tasks to which children are set are not those requiring great strength or skill, but long hours of close application to any simple mechanical task become maddening in their monotony, and for children of tender years such unnatural restraint works grave havoc in health and intellectual development.

The so-called "restrictions" imposed by some state laws upon child labor are themselves a ghastly commentary upon the inhuman demands of the great corporations that employ children and are abetted by the ignorance and selfishness of parents. When strong men are clamoring for an eight-hour law we find Pennsylvania and Texas passing laws that their children shall not be employed more than twelve hours a day. North Carolina and Alabama say that children must not work more than eleven hours until they are twelve years of age. Happy childhood, to be so tenderly protected! One would think that Nature herself would make such limitations unnecessary by letting the worn little frame stagger into merciful unconsciousness after twelve hours

of constant toil. Indeed, this sometimes happens, as when in New Jersey an exhausted little night toiler fell asleep on his way home and was killed by a passing train. Georgia permits its children to toil from sunrise to sunset, and its legislature, under the influence of Northern mill owners, has twice within the past year refused to prohibit the employing of children under ten years of age.

Many trades demand night labor from children. In the steel works and rolling mills boys work eleven and a half hours at night, with only twenty-five minutes for rest and luncheon. The glass industry which has developed so rapidly within the last thirty years in Illinois, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, has been called the "child-eating ogre" because of the cruel conditions it imposes upon mere babies. In these works each blower requires two or three boys to carry the bottles from the moulder to the ovens. The intense heat of the furnaces and the dust make the conditions the worst possible. The blowers often "adopt" homeless and friendless boys to use for this purpose. It is frequently discovered that dissolute men and women gather children from poorhouses and orphan asylums, make affidavits that they are of legal age, when in fact they are but from seven to ten, hire them out to these factories and live upon the proceeds. These wretched children, sometimes called "blowers' dogs," are kept trotting at their highest rate of speed for hours

at a time. One factory inspector relates that they dared not stop even to answer her questions, but gave their replies piecemeal as they hurried back and forth at their tasks.

It was the State Federation of Woman's Clubs who introduced the bill for the reformation of these abuses in Illinois, and women like Mrs. Florence Kelly and Jane Addams who helped to fight it through and secure the enactment of the "most stringent child labor law ever passed." In many states the battle still rages between enlightened public sentiment and the greed which would not hesitate to coin flesh and blood into dollars. If children are protected from the rapacity of soulless corporations it must be because the good women of the states take up their cause.

Naturally the plea is advanced that to forbid children to work in mills and factories would entail suffering upon their families or throw them upon public charity for support. But experience directly contradicts this. The burdens imposed upon relief agencies by the enforcement of educational and child labor laws are not to be compared with those imposed by an army of stunted, undeveloped, ineffective men and women, the consequence of long hours of labor for the growing child.

In one city the Woman's Clubs coöperated with the Bureau of Charities to pension every widow necessarily dependent for her livelihood upon the earnings of her children under fourteen.

The number of such cases was almost incredibly small.

The truth seems to be that child labor not only demoralizes the child, but its effect reaches to the parent, appealing to his selfishness or greed in a way to stifle natural parental instinct. A father lamented the death of his little girl because she was such a good spinner—the best “hand” he had—and such experiences are not rare. Not even a few days can be granted the child in the heat of summer to escape from the factory for a glimpse of green fields or ocean's blue. “Concetta cannot go at New Lenox,” wrote Concetta's older sister in response to an invitation to a fresh air party, “because she is working and she does not know anything about it; if she comes she will not be able to go to work again [*i. e.*, she will lose her position]. Her grandma thanks you just the same, but Concetta cannot go.”

“WHO DID SIN?”

Where lies the responsibility for such outrages against childhood? Not wholly with the parents, almost as ignorant and helpless as the children, and themselves the product of just such a childhood as they are perpetuating.

“Every child who goes out of life because its right to light, air, and sunshine, has not been protected, is a charge against the church,” says the author of “The Leaven in a Great City.”

“Every child whose life record is shadowed, blackened, because his right to education, to training, to freedom to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, was denied him, is evidence of the failure of the church to live up to the light which Christ left to its keeping.”

This seems a stern calling to account, but can the church escape the responsibility? Not until it has done all in its power, not until it has sacrificed, labored and suffered—not to the limit of human power, but to the limit of human power linked to divine—can it say its skirts are clear from the blood of the innocents. Two men were walking through the slums of a great city and one, a sceptic, said to the other, “Here, at least, you must admit that Christianity has been a failure.” “Not at all,” said the other. “It has never been tried.” When Christian men decline to accept office lest they should smirch themselves with the corruption of city politics, when good women turn away their faces from the knowledge of evil lest their consciences should be shaken and their peace disturbed, can the church claim to have fairly tried the power of Christianity to save the slums? Something is being done—much, it seems, until compared with the illimitable need—but until the forces of the church “march through the cities of the poor, an army,” sweeping before them social sins and civic abuses, never let it know rest from effort or peace from the stings of accusing conscience.

JUVENILE COURTS

Among the outposts of Christian philanthropy one recently planted on the farthest picket line is the juvenile court. Its purpose is to save wayward or neglected children from the degrading association of police courts and jails. A court especially constituted for children's cases, a judge selected for his intelligence, tact, and sympathy with unfortunate childhood, and a corps of probation officers like-minded—these constitute the machinery of the court.

How does it operate? A boy of twelve is brought in on complaint of one of the probation officers. He has stolen coal from the cars or fruit from the street vender. He is shown to be a truant from school and incorrigible at home. Under the old régime his case would have been disposed of in five minutes by sending him to some juvenile prison or "reformatory," while the court turned its attention to matters of more moment than the fate of a child.

But here the judge makes it his business to inquire into the home life with a view to finding out "who did sin," this child or his father, his mother, or society. In nearly every case he is shown to be more sinned against than sinning. The judge combines the kindness of a father and the authority of the magistrate. He shows the boy the desirability of reforming, and tells the parents how to help him, their weakened authority being backed up by that of the court. The boy is then "paroled" under the care of the pro-

bation officer of the district in which he lives. To this officer or to the judge he must report once a week. The officer also visits his home and advises, warns, instructs, as necessary. In a majority of cases the treatment is effective. The boy comes to recognize the law as a power arrayed on his side—to help him fight the battle against his worst self and against his environment. If he continues insubordinate the reformatory institution comes later.

Clearly the success of the system must depend almost wholly upon the personality of the judge and the officers. "The children must be educated and loved out of their ignorance and desolation." But childhood makes its own appeal to the best elements of the best men and women, and the history of the movement is illuminated by rare characters as distinguished for kindly hearts as for wise heads.

Once the idea of reforming rather than punishing the wayward child had taken root, it spread rapidly. Within the past five years nearly half the states of the Union have adopted the plan with modifications. It has travelled over seas, and is being tried in London and Japan. Woman's societies and charitable agencies have been the agitators and promoters of the movement. In Atlanta the organization of the juvenile court was the almost immediate effect of the National Conference of Charities held there in 1903, inspired by the eloquence of a Maryland justice and a Colorado judge.

In practice the system is shown to be not only effective but economical. A Baltimore judge says, "It has been demonstrated that it is easier and cheaper to prevent crime than to punish it." The chief probation officer in New York substantiates his testimony with statistics. After fifteen months' trial of the plan he says, "There is small cause for complaint against the conduct of the children now on probation. They report with gratifying regularity, often as many as 150 boys and girls in a day. The probation of children has been a great saving to the county treasury. For instance, during the past fifteen months 1,204 children have been released on parole. At least fifty per cent. of these would have been committed to institutions under the old plan. At \$104 per year per capita, this represents a saving of \$72,904."

Judge Lindsay of Colorado, whose success in dealing with the street Arab makes him one of the most unique figures among the judges of juvenile courts, gives the public a bit of experience:

Every Saturday is devoted to children's cases. At nine the court opens, and there are probably assembled in the court room 250 boys. They are all probationers who have been tried from two weeks to two years before. Probably 100 of them have gone through the rain baths in the basement of the court-house. Three hundred copies, current number, of *The American Boy*, *Men of To-morrow* and *Success* have been distributed. No juvenile court boy who is

"square" will take these things and read dime novels. I spend fifteen minutes talking to these boys, generally taking for a title for my discourse some subject that immediately gains a boy's attention. For instance, "snitching"—meaning to "peach" or to tell. Some splendid lessons may be instilled under this title—the difference between the tattle-tale, the sissy-boy, the goody boy, and a real boy, what it means to be an accessory before or after the fact in the commission of crime, guilty knowledge, with a few stories woven in—lessons which gain a tremendous hold upon a boy and leave a positive good effect. For instance, after the Saturday morning talk on "snitching," the boys of the juvenile court brought in more men for unlawfully selling liquor and tobacco to minors than were brought into court by the police department for the twenty years during which such laws have been upon the statute books. It was all done by being "square," and without the slightest semblance of detective work.

Talks on "jiggering," "ditching," "shagging," etc., furnish topics equally as prolific for the court of Boyville. The boys come up to report as their names occur in the alphabet, under the call A, B, C, etc. Their reports are read—furnished by their teachers. A working boy reports in the evening, and nothing but his presence and his own report of conduct is required. It is a sort of a little club meeting where there is talk, cheer and encouragement. Each boy is praised, stiffened and encouraged, and there will not be five really unsatisfactory reports out of two hundred. These five must come to see me at a special time.

There is not a day in the week that I do not hear informally a boy's case at the close of a busy session of a civil court. To-day as I came

from the bench at five o'clock there were eight boys waiting to see me. It is seldom that I can leave my chambers before six-thirty in the evening, and hardly an evening that I am not required to return. Yet there is such a joy and fascination in work of this kind and in the wonderful results that follow, that instead of fatigue that would naturally result from such effort, it is usually the reverse.

Child-saving work done like this, from the heart out, whether carried on in the name of church or state, is surely mission work of the most heroic sort.

The influence of women in securing this reformatory legislation and in making its work successful has been indispensable. In many cities most of the probation officers are women, their sympathy, tact and patience making them especially fit for work demanding so much of socialized motherhood. Judge Tuthill, first judge of the first juvenile court, said once to a deaconess, "Why do not you women take up this work (of probation officers)? We need just such women—women with conscience, faith and devotion. No others have any business in the work."

OTHER AGENCIES FOR GOOD

But while juvenile courts, with their associated parental schools and detention homes, are struggling with the problem of the delinquent, settlements and churches are trying to substitute for the evil in his environment things good and use-

ful. The motive of social and industrial work is the supplementing of the work of the home where it fails in its duties, as the work of the juvenile court adds its authority to the support of family discipline and training where that fails. The *crèche*, or day nursery, takes the baby from its mother's arms as she goes out to her daily toil, and returns it to her at night, clean, well-fed and cared for. Marjory Hall, secretary of the National Federation of Day Nurseries, makes the following estimate of the financial side of this transaction: "The actual cost per child in the nursery has been estimated at twenty-five cents a day. Every twenty-five cents expended by the nursery for the child enables the mother to earn one dollar. Of this she pays to the nursery five cents; the remaining ninety-five cents she can apply towards the maintenance of her home. What this expenditure means to the child has never been written and cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It means proper food, bathing, sleep, regularity in methods and management, and the service of trained workers in every department. Later, it means the conduct of work and play under kindergarten principles and the formation of habits of order, cleanliness, courtesy and obedience, which are to form the basis of character in after life. These habits revolutionize, in many instances, the habits of the home itself, and influence it always." Through the day nursery coöperation with the home in a very vital way is secured, and it is the

advance guard of the kindergarten, that brightest flower of Christian philanthropy.

Ten years ago an intelligent man interested in reforms spoke of the kindergarten as a "fad." Even now there are those who see nothing in it save a connecting link between the home and the school—a place where children can be got out of the way, where they are taught to sing little songs and make things. The idea of the kindergarten as a factory where life is moulded and character shaped in its most plastic stages, they have never grasped. In San Francisco the records of 9,000 children who have passed through kindergarten training have been searched, and of the number only one has turned out a criminal, and that one was feeble-minded. As the editor of the *Century* remarks, "You cannot catch your citizen too early to make a good citizen of him," and the day nursery and the kindergarten give the first opportunity to catch the future citizen.

From across the hall as I write come the tinkle of a piano, the rhythmic patter of children's feet and the clapping of small hands, and once the wail of a little newcomer, as yet unreconciled. But I know there will be no sound of blows, no fretful voices, no agonized gasp as a child is plumped angrily down upon a chair and bidden to "stay there." A glimpse through the door will reveal happy faces all alight, tossing curls and flying steps. There are dolls and pictures and flowers and fishes, and over all that atmosphere of love in which little souls, relieved

of the bondage of fear and oppression, can open out into the sunshine as God intended.

Of the homes from which many of these children come one learns in unconscious hints from the children themselves. It was a Hull House kindergarten in which the little folks were examining the picture of a harvest scene—the woman reclining, the man standing by quietly mopping his brow. After looking at it attentively a boy said, “Well, he knocked her down, didn’t he?”

But the influence of the kindergarten does not stop with the child. There is the mothers’ meeting, or the club, with its discussions on food, sleep, play, cleanliness, manners, health, housework and the like. There are the visits of the teachers to the homes of the pupils, and the visits of the mothers, and sometimes the fathers, too, to the kindergarten. There have even been held, it is said, fathers’ meetings. Certainly they might be a means of grace. The success of kindergarten methods in the management of children is a revelation to parents, and they come to acquire “new parental manners.” One observer said, “I used to hit my Josie something awful, and now I don’t any more.” Another stopped pawning her boy’s clothes for drink after he entered the kindergarten. One mother moved to another house that they might have “light, air, and clean walls.” Another said she had only lived since she had known the mothers’ club, it had opened to her such different lines of thought and better ways of dealing with her children.

One husband said to his wife, "Be sure and go to the meeting; when you get home you act lively, like you did before we were married."

There is a close bond between the kindergarten and the home, and its spell is felt even upon the neighborhood. More and more are social settlements and churches finding it a necessary means of access to darkened homes and neighborhoods.

The kindergarten and the kindergarten idea have been actively useful in the relief of crippled and defective children. To the inspiration of its spirit may be credited also the summer playgrounds and much of the impulse towards vacation schools, and the kindlier and more natural relations between children and teachers in the higher grades of schools. "America is bravely attempting to be a true democracy, and the American kindergarten is forever strengthening the foundations of that democracy in its influence upon the children, and, through them, upon the community at large." No greater service could be performed for the state and nation than to institute such a crusade that every child—especially every child in the poorer portions of the community—should have the privileges of a good kindergarten.

A magnificent opportunity is open for some philanthropist in the building of a great model tenement especially for mothers who must go out to labor for the greater part of the day. It should be constructed on approved plans with access to sunshine and air, and with bath-rooms,

laundry, and other needful "water privileges." But its central idea should be its day nursery and kindergarten where the mothers could leave their little ones during the day and have them with them at night. If other "model tenements" can be made to pay a fair rate of interest upon the investment, this also might, or, if the nursery and kindergarten are found to be too heavy a drain upon the profits, they could be aided, as in other places, by gifts. No enterprise would be a saner effort for good, or meet a real need in a more practical way.

OUTDOOR HELPS

Since Mr. Riis' vigorous campaigns in New York, playgrounds for children are coming to be a recognized necessity. Small parks, roof gardens, "boys' corners," and other nooks for recreation are blossoming out, even in the poorest districts—old, ramshackle tenements often being condemned and torn away for the purpose. Here the children may, without committing a crime, exercise their limbs and their lungs, and work off harmlessly a vast amount of that which speedily becomes total depravity if allowed to ferment. Vacation schools and summer gardens, with their opportunities for nature study, are modern developments of the wiser charity.

Year by year an ever-increasing army of little tenement dwellers turn their pale faces to the country, coming back a few weeks later with sun-browned cheeks and new life throbbing

through all their being. Cities that have ocean or lake front naturally turn thitherward for summer recreation. Sanitariums, baths, boat excursions, offer fleeting draughts of the wine of life that comes in pure breezes over sunlit wastes of water. Inland cities find other ways for bringing the city child and nature together. St. Paul, through its health commissioner, utilized a sand bar in the Mississippi River. Trees were planted and shelter pavilions, bath-houses and a gymnasium erected. A menagerie adds to its attractions and a day nursery to its effectiveness. Here, it is said, on one holiday 7,000 children romped and shouted to their hearts' content. Boston and San Francisco are making interesting experiments in the line of boys' summer camps.

Through various organizations thousands of children are each year sent into country homes as guests of the farmers or villagers. This form of philanthropy has its drawbacks, however, owing to the difficulty the country dweller has in understanding the trickery and unblushing mendacity of his guest. There is also a difficulty in finding just that stage of picturesque poverty that agrees with preconceived ideas. If the children are sent as taken from the streets, there is the discovery that rags and tatters have accompaniments of odors, dirt, and creeping things not "nominated in the bond." But if the mother sits up o' nights and scrimps her family to the hunger point to send her child to the country in a fresh muslin and some frivolous bit of cheap finery, the country

host may be disappointed that she did not receive a real slum child, and conclude that some things have been grossly exaggerated.

In a majority of cases, however, these outings result in great good not only to the child but to its entertainers. Many a country minister has welcomed the opportunity to give his people something to awaken them from the complacent selfishness into which the best of people fall when there is no appeal to their sympathies. Hearts have been touched to tenderer issues, and lasting friendships have been formed between the city waif and his hosts—friendships helpful to both. "I think we are receiving, rather than extending a blessing," is the sentiment frequently expressed.

On the other hand, glimpses of an idyllic experience come back to the city in letters written by the children to parents and friends. "Dear mamma," writes one impressively, "I arrived safely. Grass is everywhere. I could tell the difference in the air as soon as I got out of the city." Another says, "I have a bedroom of my own; it has four windows in it." Another gives as a startling discovery, "We live up-stairs and down-stairs. They are very rich people here." It was a little Italian child who, after creeping for the first time into a clean, white bed, concluded that after all there must be some mistake about its being intended for him, and crawled out to lie all night long upon the floor.

But of all country outings, none have touched

a tenderer chord than a camp of little cripples on the shores of Lake Michigan. Sand has been said to be to recreation what oatmeal is to literature; out of a little of the one you can get a vast amount of the other. And here was beautiful white sand by the acre—sand to roll in, sand to bury one's self in. This alone would have afforded delight enough. But cover a portion of the sand with deep forests of maple, larch and hemlock; plant it with shrubs and lovely creeping things, with ferns and berries and blossoms; break it up with wild ravines and hills, round which wind paths with rustic bridges and hidden dells and all sorts of dear surprises; border it with a lake whose blue waves lap the shore and ripple and dance away back to the very sky. Then gather from the city byways and alleys half a hundred of its neglected and unloved ones, those with withered limbs and deformed bodies, imprisoning souls that can suffer, and place them here. Give them for a schoolroom a great white tent under the trees; fit it up with hammocks and swings and easy wheel chairs; add two policemen, amiable giants, whose sole business and pleasure it seems to be to carry the helpless ones about; bring clay for modelling, raphia for weaving, bring pencils and paints and scissors, bring live pets—white mice, rabbits and birds, and a motherly hen with her downy brood; place in the corner a real Indian tepee; bring all the treasures of water and woodland to open doors into the fairyland of Science. Then place over all

this, as its presiding genius, a woman with a mother-heart big enough to take in all these unlovely ones and love them as only a Christ-inspired heart can love, and for one blissful month they may well believe themselves in Paradise, no matter what the other eleven may bring.

Too good to be true? But it is all true, and a great deal more of which space will not permit the telling. The setting for this most beautiful charity is the park belonging to the Forward Movement, a Chicago settlement. And this is by no means the only "crippled children's camp" the country produces, but is a type of what may be done by hearts touched with pity for the most helpless and most unfortunate of all.

CLASSES AND CLUBS

But summer days are fleeting, and with September there comes a general readjustment of the processes of life, not only on the boulevards, but among the tenements. As the big, dingy school-houses begin again to swarm with children, life becomes strenuous with the mission workers. Boys, whose mysterious disappearance dated from the first warm day of summer, begin to hang about the mission doors and inquire engagingly when "our club" will open again—as if it had not been "open" all the long summer days. Small girls who have swarmed like midges on door-steps and curbs, come in twos and threes and half-dozens, and shyly inquire when the "basket class" or the "turning school" begins.

As teachers and leaders come back from their summer flitting, work opens along new lines.

It has been charged against the public school that it is "pulling all kinds of children through the same hole." This cannot be said of the mission schools, for the entertainment must be suited to the taste of the small subject, or the wandering will cannot be restrained at all. There must be brightness, interest, and variety, and, above all, that which most surely wins the child-heart, the sunshine of love and good cheer.

A Saturday sewing school there will surely be, with its graduated classes, from the lowest, where tiny fingers sew gayly-colored worsteds through perforated cards, to the highest, where amid much subdued chatter and giggling the "big girls" are initiated into the mysteries of dressmaking and fancy work. Kitchen-garden will teach the children what the mothers have neither time nor ability to teach them—that housework may become a delightful art rather than a bore. The original type of kitchen-garden where miniature garments are washed in imaginary water and boiled in a make-believe boiler over a purely hypothetical fire, to the accompaniment of senseless little songs, is being modernized into methods that pay more respect to the child's growing intelligence. The principle is still learning to do by doing, but there is more doing and less making-believe. One excellent teacher takes her class at intervals into her own beautifully ordered home,

and lets them, under her instruction, make a bed, build a fire, set a table, or scrub a sink.

"Huh, my dad 'ud think I was crazy if I set a table like that to home," said one girl, surveying a neatly-arranged table, perhaps for the first time in her life. Nevertheless, she put in a plea at home for a table-cloth, and, being accustomed to her own way, she succeeded in obtaining one. The parents, thinking perhaps that, as with Hamlet, if 'twas madness there was "method in it," were rather proud of the effect. When Maida demanded that her father should serve the family before commencing to eat, there was serious demur; but once more Maida carried her point, and little by little there have been introduced into that home "gentler manners" if not "purer laws."

Along with other lessons in housewifely arts the junior cooking class will have a prominent place. It may be hard to persuade the mothers, fixed in the grooves of old habits, to enter classes in domestic science, but the girls will take to them as naturally as ducks to water.

Cooking should be taught as an economical measure. Edward Atkinson estimates that one billion dollars are lost annually through poor and wasteful cooking. It should be taught as a sanitary measure. Children brought up without wholesome and sufficient food become puny and starved. When they grow older and are compelled to work they break under the nervous strain and become an easy prey to tuberculosis and other diseases.

Cooking should be taught as a temperance measure. The working man who goes to his hard labor from a meal of sodden potatoes, sour bread, and muddy coffee, suffers from an unrest, a nervous irritation that gives him a morbid but overwhelming craving for stimulant; a craving that finds ready satisfaction in the ever-present saloon. Much of our intemperance has its origin in poor cooking.

Cooking should be taught as a moral measure. "Give me the power to regulate the dietetic habits of a people," says a noted scientist, "and I will show you in one generation a people more moral in character and more susceptible to religious impressions than before." If enthusiastically taught it will be as enthusiastically learned. Exhibitions and entertainments given by the classes in domestic science afford object lessons to mothers and help to carry the reform into the homes.

Constructive work not only fascinates, but trains and educates the child. It also corrects much of the tendency towards destructiveness, as they have more respect for a product when all the processes of its manufacture have been observed. Basket-weaving, broom-making, cobbling, Venetian wire work, are all popular, but anything that is good to be made and suited to a child's capacity will serve the purpose.

Sloyd and carpentering not only develop a skilled hand and correct eye, but they call for habits of neatness, accuracy and thoroughness.

They demand honesty in effort, since a touch of slovenliness anywhere is sure to be brought to light in fitting the pieces together.

The gymnasium is the most popular resort, but it is the centre of more differences of opinion between pupils and teacher than any other place. The amount of "creaturely activity" which the average boy has to work off before he can be made amenable to reason has been the despair of more than one well-regulated instructor. "Picture to yourself a very large empty room," says Winifred Buck, "having facilities for every sort of game, and a small but complete gymnasium opening out of it. Then imagine your surprise when the boys, for whose use the room and the gymnasium were intended, refuse on entering to become part of any organized game or play. This surprise rapidly turns to dismay when their real preferences become evident. Dignified schoolboys, their books thrown aside, become for the moment irresponsible animals, shrieking and howling, throwing themselves against the walls, lying on their backs, their legs waving in the air, and dropping in dizzy, giggling heaps all over the floor. A scene like this makes one feel that time and money are wasted in providing opportunities for them. And yet, after half an hour of this sort of play there will be a gradual straightening up of the rolling, squirming figures, a choosing of sides for a football game, and a gentle scramble to remote corners by the bloodless ones, armed with checker boards. The

proper balance between brain and bodily activity has been brought about in the half hour of apparently wasted time, and the animals are once more intelligent human beings."

Through all work and play must run the spirit of organization, finding expression in the club, in which an increasing amount of responsibility is placed upon the children themselves. "It is by the boy's club," says Jacob Riis, "that the street is hardest hit. In the fight for the lad it is that which knocks out the 'gang,' and with its own weapon—the weapon of organization."

Miss Buck thus modestly sums up the qualifications of an ideal club manager. "I look forward to the day when the work of directing clubs shall be as honorable a profession as school teaching, and when directors shall be required to prepare themselves for their calling by a course of study more comprehensive than that now required for public school-teachers. In addition to a technical knowledge of history, sociology, psychology, physiology, ethnology, criminology, political economy, pedagogy, the history of education, comparative religions, ethics, music, athletics, botany, arborology, and dramatics and one or two languages, the ideal club adviser should . . . have an attractive personality and excellent manners; he should have travelled; he should have a fairly broad social experience; he should also have the power to inspire love as well as respect and admiration."

While it is possible for a leader to get along

with fewer than these requirements, without them he will certainly, in some experience or other, be made to feel his limitations. Much is being accomplished on a scale less Utopian than that outlined, and more might be, if men and women were possessed with such a "respect for their subject" as would impel them to every possible preparation for the work. In all our cities raw material is waiting to be developed into manhood and womanhood—no, not waiting, for character never waits. If it is not being moulded into strength and beauty it is degenerating into lawlessness, crime and pauperism.

TRAINING FOR THE KINGDOM

But though the church were able to train the child physically, intellectually and ethically to the limit of his powers, it would fail of the most important part of its mission if he were not brought into vital contact with the Saviour of souls. All training in what is good and useful may be means to this end, and yet all means may fail of the end unless in every way Christ be lifted up. There will be frequent opportunities for doing this. Children are quick to catch the spirit of an exercise—if the spirit be there—even though little is said formally. The beautiful face of the boy Christ in Hoftman's "Christ with the Doctors" hung in the boys' club room will preach many a silent sermon. There are teachers who open even classes in physical culture by asking God's blessing upon the exercise, and His aid in

developing strong and perfect bodies—fit temples for His spirit. And, contrary to the opinion often expressed, this in no wise detracts from the cheerfulness of the exercise nor does it keep from their classes both children and adults of every creed and of no creed. There are sewing-schools where, in the fifteen minutes given to opening exercises, the children get a clear glimpse of the Christ. But even this is not enough. There must be direct and continuous effort towards training souls for the Kingdom.

Years ago, Horace Bushnell, prophet and seer, taught that the child of a Christian home need never miss knowing himself a child of the Heavenly Father; that he should be so trained that he would grow up a Christian and never know himself otherwise. There is something in every child's heart that makes him responsive to the divine call. Neglected, he grows harder, colder, farther away year by year. Bushnell's plea was for such teaching as should anchor the soul to the eternal verities before ever it had drifted away. The church failed to follow his leadership and has lost much in consequence. But to-day Professor Coe and others are emphasizing the same thought and it may be that now the church is ready to accept and act upon it.

“This Christian education of the child means more than teaching him the catechism or to repeat texts of Scripture, or to go to Sunday-school. It means home influence, fellowship with the good, membership in the church, union

with Christ. Given proper environment and true instruction, the child will grow into the truth, strengthen his religious tendency, and develop in righteousness and goodness. Help the child to have an intelligent faith in God, to choose wisely and act nobly, and you have made the religion in him perpetual and saved the man."

This for the child of a Christian home, the child already within the influence of the church—but what of the neglected children—those in whom the "light that never was on sea or shore" is already fading out in the early night of sorrow and sin? With these the same purpose may be kept in view—to make them acquainted with Jesus Christ. The appeal may be made in every relation of life—as the Sinless Child, the Ideal Man, the Ever Present Friend, the Good Shepherd, the Tender Father, and as the image ever becomes more real and clear it will do its work of grace upon the heart. If Christ be lifted up He will "draw all men unto Him"—all *men*—then how much more the trustful heart of childhood! Then there should be gathered into the visible fold of the church all those who give evidence that they are even trying to follow Him, with such service and symbolism as will impress upon the heart the thought of its seriousness.

Most down-town churches and missions have at times been driven to their wits' end by the hordes of street children who invade the services at sundry times. They are especially in evidence at the Sunday evening service. They are bare-

headed, noisy, dirty, and often accompanied by a baby brother or sister. They care nothing for the service, and have small reverence for the place, but show a decided preference for front seats. Some fall asleep and snore; some walk out at intervals during the evening; some are forcibly ejected, to the great concern of all. No church calling itself Christian could shut its doors to these little ones, even though all they seek is shelter from the street, and yet to admit them is often to make the service intolerable for the older part of the congregation.

Some churches have seen in this problem their opportunity. Among these are the Tabernacle in Chicago. It gathered this rabble of children into a room and gave them a pastor of their own; plenty of good music and a short sermon illustrated by object lessons or a stereopticon, kept them awake and interested. At first the hoodlum element had to be repressed, but order and reverence have gradually been secured, and now for months at a time, with a congregation of from 100 to 150 children between seven and fifteen, not a child has had to be expelled. Out of this has grown the Children's Church, with its own "pastoral committee," its ushers, and its special Wednesday night service answering to the adults' prayer meeting. Children who show real earnestness of purpose become members of the Children's Church by assenting to the "covenant" with suitable ceremonies, and at fifteen, if they continue in the way, are admitted to the Taber-

nacle Church. Other churches have adopted the idea of the Children's Church, and it seems, as no other plan has done, to meet the need in the tenement districts.

It is often asked, Do the children appreciate what you are doing for them? Certainly not. Why should they? How many well-brought-up men and women appreciated the efforts of parents and teachers in their behalf while they were still children? Then why should these, deprived of most that makes life wholesome and desirable, feel overwhelmingly grateful for the puny efforts of society to restore to them a portion of their birthright as children of the common Father? We should think it reward enough if we see them day by day growing into their heritage. Perhaps we ask too rich a return for what costs us little. When we give gifts without love, they will love our gifts—not us. But if we love them, not professionally but truly, they will give love for love, scarcely for less, and love will be the lever to lift them into a better life.

BIBLE LESSON

Christ's tender care for childhood. (Luke 18: 15, 16; Matt. 18: 2-5; Isaiah 40: 11.)

The Church's responsibility for childhood. (Jeremiah 13: 20, last clause; Ezekiel 34: 10, first clause; Matt. 18: 6.)

Sins of society against childhood. (Ezekiel 34: 4, 5, 6; Joel 3: 3.)

Value of early training. (Proverbs 22: 6; 2 Tim. 3: 15.)

Children in the ideal home. (Psalm 127:4, 5; 128:3.)

Children in the ideal city. (Zech. 8:5.)

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Is the Protestant church making suitable effort for saving the children?
2. What influences work against the physical development of the tenement child?
3. What are some of the conditions that affect his moral development?
4. Name some special temptations to which the city boy is subjected.
5. How do dark and crowded homes affect the lives of their inmates?
6. Specify some of the "restrictions" placed by state laws upon child labor.
7. What influences may be expected to work against restrictive legislation?
8. What have woman's clubs and societies done for the protection of childhood against early labor?
9. Tell something of the relations of glass manufacturing to child labor.
10. What argument is used by the opponents of restrictive legislation? Is it valid?
11. Name some enterprises intended to counteract the evil tendencies of city life upon childhood.
12. Describe the purpose and plan of the Juvenile Court.
13. What have women done to help in the development and application of this law?
14. Describe the *crèche* or day nursery.
15. What is the effect of the kindergarten in the development of character?

16. How are opportunities for play coming to be recognized as reformatory agencies?
17. What embarrassments sometimes arise in connection with summer outings for children?
18. Tell about an outing for crippled children.
19. How do missions and settlements try to meet the needs of children in tenement districts?
20. Why should attention be given to cooking lessons for girls?
21. What does Jacob Riis say of boys' clubs?
22. How may the religious element be brought to bear upon the work and play of a mission?
23. Describe the evolution of a "Children's Church."

COLLATERAL READING

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Children of the Poor, Jacob Riis. Scribner. \$1.25.

Boys of the Street and how to Win Them, Charles Stelzle. Revell. 50 cents net.

The Boy Problem, a Study in Social Pedagogy, William Byron Forbush. Pilgrim Press. 85 cents net.

Boys' Self-Governing Clubs, Winifred Buck. Macmillan. \$1.00.

After the Primary—What? A. H. McKinney, Ph. D. Revell. 75 cents net.

Hand Book of Child Labor Legislation, for 1904, published by the National Consumers' League, New York City.

Problem of the Children, and how the State of Colorado Cares for them, Report of the Juvenile Court of Denver. 228 pages. 25 cents.

Charities—Special Juvenile Court numbers, November 7, 1903, and January 5, 1905.

Fresh Air Work, *Charities* for June, July and August, 1905.

The Kindergarten of the Streets, *Everybody's Magazine*, July, 1903.

Where Tenement Children Play, *Christian Endeavor World*, May, 1903.

An Officer of the Court, *St. Nicholas*, January, 1904.

Child Workers at the Holiday Season and School Gardens, *The Commons*, February, 1904.

Self-Government and The Bunch, and Vacant Lot Gardens vs. Vagrancy, *Charities*, October 1, 1904.

Child Labor in the United States, Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor, No. 52, May, 1904.

CO-OPERATION

TORCHBEARERS

How fares it, Torchbearer ?

Nay, do not stay me !

Swift be my course as the flight of an arrow !
Eager, exultant, I spring o'er the stubble,
Thread through the brier, and leap o'er the hollows ;
Firm nerve, tense muscle, heart beating : Onward !
How should I pause, e'en to fling thee an answer ?

How fares it, Torchbearer ?

Ah, do not stay me !

Parched is my mouth, and my throat may scarce murmur ;
Eyes are half blinded with sunshine's hot glitter,
Brands, half-consumed, from the torch drop upon me,
Quenching their fire in my blood-heated boiling,
Scarcely less hot than the fierce-falling embers !
Breath would scarce serve me to answer thy question.

How fares it, Torchbearer ?

Reeling, I falter,

Stumbling o'er hillocks that once I leaped over,
Flung by a tangle that once I had broken,
Careless, unheeding. The torch, half-extinguished ;
Fierce-darting pains through the hot hand that holds it ;
Careless of all, if at last I may yield it
Into the hands of another good runner.

How fares it, Torchbearer ?

Well ! now I fling me

Flat on the turf by the side of the highway.
So in one word be thy questionings answered.
Praise for my striving ? Peace—I am weary ;
Thou art unwinded ; stand, then, and shading
Eyes with the hand, peer forward, and tell me
How fares the torch in the hand of yon runner ?
Naught do I reck of my strength, gladly yielded,
So it be only the torch goeth onward.

—*Arthur Chamberlain.*

VI

CO-OPERATION

"A dream that is not all a dream."

MISS OCTAVIA WEISE sat with a dejected expression reading a penciled note written on coarse paper—a disreputable note from start to finish, and yet one that could scarcely be ignored.

"Dear Lady," it ran, "I think you are a honest woman and i doant like to see you impose upon. There is a woman you go to see that is not a good woman she live with a man that is not her husband and she beats her little boy terrible and she tell you lies and gets you to bring her things I mean Miss Parrot that lives at Martin Street, up stairs I see you go there i spose you doant know that she is that kind of a woman she is, and I say I am goin to tell you My children hant got no shoes and my husband broak his leg six weeks ago and hant had no work sence but i do the best we can so If you want to know what kind of a woman that is you can come to my house and I can tell you all about that woman."

Six months before, Miss Octavia Weise had come to the city to make her home with an aunt. Her father's death had left her with a slender but sufficient income. She was intensely

interested in missions and desired to devote her time to work among the poor. In her own town she had been secretary of a Home Missionary Society, president of the Christian Endeavor Union and leader of a King's Daughters' circle which every year sent boxes to the city missionary stations. She was a little tired of hearing the wheels go round. She longed to escape from committees and business meetings—to see for herself what was being done and to have a hand directly in the doing of it. She had read much, and had ideas. Professional charity she abjured. She desired to come in personal touch with the needy and to aid them as her heart prompted her. Her aunt, who was also charitably disposed, helped her in selecting a field of work, a very poor district, where almost nothing was being done by charitable societies or churches.

Here she had visited assiduously, doing day by day whatever she could to comfort those who were in trouble and help those in distress. At first she alternated between heart sickness at the shocking conditions she unearthed, and an almost hysterical exaltation of spirit that she could, by the gift of a crisp dollar bill or a basket of food, relieve so much misery and win such fervent expressions of gratitude.

But as days went by it became depressing to find families relieved from starvation on Monday in exactly the same plight on Wednesday. Every day brought to her attention new cases of

destitution and more and more imperative appeals for assistance. She feared, as she found herself losing sight of the higher aims that had at first inspired her, that she would become merely a dispenser of cold victuals and second-hand garments. She wondered if it was so that the Lord felt when, after He had healed a sick body, He said, "See that no man know it."

And with all her efforts she could not meet the demands. The income of a Rockefeller would hardly suffice for one day, she told herself, and there were the to-morrows. And back of all hunger and merely physical need she was beginning to realize that there were still deeper wrongs. She felt an appalling sense of soul-blindness, a denseness of ignorance, a shadow of sin, that did not have its source in the individual, but tainted all grades of social life and ran back into the past. It all began to press down upon her like a nightmare.

Then a feeling of uncertainty as to her own judgment, and an increasing sense of responsibility, disturbed her peace of mind. She had thought it perfectly right to give aid to "worthy cases," and had felt confident of a stock of common sense that would help her to distinguish such from those who were merely frauds and impostors. But her classifications were becoming mixed. The most worthy cases at times showed unexpected tokens of depravity, while some good-for-nothing, in an emergency, would do an act of kindness or self-sacrifice that would

have put a bishop to shame. Clearly the old lines of distinction would not stand.

One day she had left the family of a poor cripple pouring out expressions of gratitude for a basket of food. Returning a few moments later for a glove she had dropped, she found the father whom she supposed unable to walk, hobbling in through the back door with a foaming pail of beer. A look at the basket, hastily rifled of its contents, and another at the man, from whose coarse and cunning face a mask seemed to have fallen, gave her a clue to the situation. The food had been exchanged for beer. But another hungry-eyed cripple was there to share in the treat.

It came back to her this evening like a picture, and with it others. There was little Mrs. Fischer, living in two rooms just above the cripple's home. Refined and ladylike in manner, her rooms spotlessly clean, her children neatly dressed—how could she ever have guessed that they were in such dire straits? But when one day the rusty badge of mourning fluttered from the door the doctor let fall a hint that lack of food and medicine were chiefly responsible for the little one's death. Yet the woman had never told.

Then there were things that she was utterly powerless to help, and sorrows for which all attempt at comfort seemed a mockery. There were Mrs. Meyers, for instance, whose oldest girl had run away, and Mrs. Shayne, whose boy

was in jail, and Mrs. Walters, with her broken arm and three babies to support, and the Hallorans who were always sick; and now—coming back to the note—this Mrs. Parrott, who was “not a good woman.”

She had really been much taken with the trim little French woman who seemed so responsive to efforts for her improvement and so devoted to her half-witted boy, on whose account she could seldom leave home. The first time she saw her she was trying to comfort a sobbing child on the street and had taken the last coin from her ragged pocketbook and bade him run to the candy shop and find solace for his tears. She had compared her in thought with the widow who gave her two mites. Was she really “a woman who was a sinner”? A number of circumstances had lately occurred which aroused her suspicions and gave credence to the woman’s note. It was all so confusing, so discouraging. Miss Weise covered her face with her hands and for a moment struggled with the temptation to run away from it all and take refuge again in her village home; she was so helpless with her two frail hands to carry all this burden of woe and sin. But her childhood’s faith and her sturdy country training came to her rescue. “After all, it’s God’s world,” she said, “and whatever is right to be done, can be done. It’s my business to find out how.”

Five years have passed, and Miss Octavia Weise

is still at work among "her people," as she calls them, though they believe that she belongs to them quite as much as they to her. A mission has been started in the neighborhood, largely through her efforts. This affords her a basis of operations. But this morning she is neither going to the mission nor to her people. She has taken the car for the business centre of the city. Entering a handsome office building, she ascends in the elevator to the third floor and walks to the door bearing the sign, "Factory Inspection." The man at the desk looks up with a friendly greeting.

"I have another case for you this morning," she says. "One of my Sunday-school girls. Her mother claimed she was fourteen to get her into the factory, but last summer when she wanted to go on our fresh air party she was under twelve. I can give plenty of evidence to that effect."

"All right, Miss Weise, we'll attend to it at once," he responded, making rapid entries after her directions, upon a card. "By the way, how is that last case coming out? Annie—m—m—Freyling, was it?"

"Yes; that's another matter I wanted to speak to you about. I found Annie yesterday, as I was crossing the tracks, out picking up coal. She was raggeder than ever, and so dirty that I did not know her until she spoke. I asked why she was not in school, and she said her father told her if she couldn't work in the factory she would

have to gather the coal. She must earn her living some way."

The man's eye flashed with the light of battle. "He did, did he? We'll tell him that his children will be more likely to take care of him when he gets old if he takes care of them while they are small. But in this case I think the work of our committee was done when we sent her home from the factory. There's no law against her picking up coal if she wants to, but there is a law that she must go to school. I advise you to see the Compulsory Education Committee and ask them to have the truant officer look after her. Next floor above. Take one of my cards. They'll look up the matter at once, I'm sure. We're obliged to you for bringing these cases to our attention, Miss Weise. I wish there were more who would interest themselves in the enforcement of laws."

"I'm obliged to you for fighting my battles for me," laughed Miss Weise, "since I don't enjoy fighting myself."

"After all, it isn't all and always fighting, Miss Weise," said the man, suddenly wheeling around. "You'd be surprised to know how many factory owners we find who are ready to coöperate with us in enforcing the law. Otherwise it's a mere matter of business with them, you see. There's so much work to be done, and along comes Tom, Dick or Harry anxious to do it for the money. They have no time to look up evidence. They are running a factory, not bringing up children."

“Still there is such a thing as humanity ——” began Miss Weise, hotly.

“Exactly. That’s your side of the question, and mine. We’ve got to have these laws to reinforce the humanitarian, or rather, the prudential, phase of the problem. But really, a good many of the employers are kind-hearted men when you get at them, and would rather do things the right way than the wrong way, but the business push is so overwhelming they’re driven along with it, whether or no. Really, it’s the parents to blame; that’s where you ought to begin.”

“Yes,” responded Miss Weise. “We’re trying to educate them as fast as we can, but it’s slow work. They are foreigners, ignorant and bigoted. It’s the men who see and know things to whom we must look for reform.”

“Yes, you’re right there, too. It must be an attack all along the line. You’re one of the sharpshooters, and we’re heavy artillery. We’re both needed, and each can reinforce the other.”

The truant officer acted promptly, and the second day thereafter the little coal picker took her place in the public school. Miss Weise soon took occasion to visit the school and find opportunity for a little talk with the teacher, to enlist her special interest in the child in question, and secure her promise to report any irregularity or absence at once. She found the teacher a congenial spirit, and the interview resulted in that mutual upward impulse which comes from the contact of one strong, earnest soul with another.

After leaving the office of the Educational Committee Miss Weise sought the Woman's Protective Agency.

"I've come to ask your good offices in securing a divorce for a poor woman," she announced.

"We do not encourage divorces," the woman at the desk answered, rather stiffly.

"Neither do I. But when it's a choice between that and compelling a frail little woman to support a lazy, brutal man who makes her home a hell in the meantime and threatens her life and her children's, I think it is the less of two evils," responded Miss Weise, and went on to give the details of the case, which the office woman soon realized was one demanding extreme measures. The recreant husband was now in prison for sixty days, and would come back infuriated and more dangerous than ever. The best efforts of the church and the appeal to law had both proved unavailing to reform the man, and the jail was the last resort. The wife in her extremity had accepted the proffered services of a shyster lawyer to secure for her a divorce, for which she was to pay fifty dollars in monthly installments. But thus far she had been unable to save from her earnings even the first five dollars, and was in mortal terror of the man's home-coming.

"But granting it best in this case to secure a divorce," said the agent at last, "you say she has already put the case into the hands of a lawyer and given him her papers. He might not choose to give them up."

"I think he would be willing enough when he is convinced that there is absolutely no money in it for him. And besides, he violated the law in soliciting the case."

The agent looked up quickly. "Where did you learn so much about law?"

"Oh, one picks up things here and there. I think I got this from a lawyer who was helping to recover damages for one of my people. He frequently helps us with advice and counsel."

As a result of this and two or three later interviews, a decree of separation was secured, free of charge, and the little washerwoman placed where she could protect her home and children. Her pale face showed the lightening of the burden she had carried for years.

From the office of the Woman's Protective Agency Miss Weise hurried to the meeting of the Board of Friendly Visitors. There she spent an hour and a half comparing notes and considering ways and means. Various cases came up for discussion. She learned incidentally that a child whose mother had requested the privilege of having it baptized in the church, had already been baptized in two other churches, receiving at each numerous gifts in the way of clothing. She secured a country home for a child in delicate health, and work at better wages for a girl of eighteen who was the sole support of her mother and little brother. She was also able to give information regarding some other cases that was of material advantage in dealing with them.

For luncheon Miss Weise went to the mission where she was one of the regular staff of workers. Naturally the mission family were a little given to "talking shop" over their coffee.

"I want to tell you about Mr. Mallory," she said to the mission "mother." "He is pretty near a hopeless case, I'm afraid—drunk whenever he can get enough to make him so. But there's so much that's good about the man I can't bear to give him up until I've tried everything. He is an intelligent man and used to support his family well. But he was unfortunate a while ago—lost the home that he was trying to pay for, when it was almost secured. Then his wife was sick a long time and his child died, and he became despondent and took to drink. He talks to me very sensibly when he is sober, but try as I may I can't get him to the mission. I tried sending the captain of the Salvation Army after him, but he failed to get hold of him. Two of his children come to the sewing-school when they feel like it. You may have noticed them—little round faces and big brown eyes—they look alike and are always together."

"Yes, I've noticed them. They are fine little singers." Then suddenly, "Is Mr. Mallory fond of music?"

"Yes. His wife says his heart was broken when he had to sell his violin to pay his child's funeral expenses. She says, 'If Henry could only have had his fiddle he would have stood Rosie's death better; but when he got to feeling

lonesome like and didn't have that, he took to drink.'"

"We're to have a fine violinist at our free concert to-night," said the mission mother. "Don't you think that might bring him out?"

"I'll try it. The music will bring him if he's in a condition to be brought. His wife needs a new sensation, too—such a spiritless, dilapidated creature as she is! Of course she has had enough to make her lose heart, but if she'd only get up a little ambition, just for the children's sake, there'd be some hope of her."

"Play the violin, did you say?" said the mission mother suddenly, going back to first issues. "Mr. Pietro, who plays for us to-night, spoke of having lately come into possession of a fine Cremona, and said he wanted to give his old one to some mission or missionary who would put it where it would do the most good. Perhaps if Mr. Mallory had it he could play in our orchestra."

"Magnificent! Violin versus whisky! His wife will come to hear him play, and you and your Sunbeam Club will do the rest. We'll have that family on their feet yet. I felt that we should if only we could get the first leverage, and the violin will do it. I knew I'd get an idea here—I always do."

"You don't get more than you give," said the mission mother cheerily, as her friend rose to leave.

"Oh, I want another one of those Bibles, if

you have them. I promised little lame Tim that I'd bring him one. He's so anxious to join my Home Department. A nice clear print, please; their home is so dark. What a blessing that Bible Society is! This is the fourth, is it not, this month?"

Miss Weise's first afternoon call was upon an old colored woman living far down an alley. She had been a sufferer from rheumatism for months, and the doctor said he could do nothing for her under existing conditions. But at the mere mention of a hospital the patient would go off into hysterical groans and cries, declaring she would rather die than go there.

But to-day there was new trouble. The landlord had served notice that they must get out of the house at once.

"You won't let them fro me out, honey? Yo' won't let 'em do that?" she implored. But Miss Weise looked serious.

"I'm not sure I can do anything, auntie. Why not let them have the old house? It's not fit to live in, anyhow. See here, the wall paper is falling off with the damp, and the floor is rotting. You'll never get well here."

"I can't go to no hospital," she began, but Miss Weise sat down resolutely and took her hand.

"Now, see here, auntie, it's the only thing to do. We'll take you just like a baby on a swinging bed in a carriage with two horses ——"

The sobs ceased, and a look of interest came into the bloodshot eyes.

"Two fine black horses, and you'll be put in a nice bed, and I'll come to see you and bring you flowers——"

"Two horses? You're suah there'll be two horses, honey?"

"Yes, sure. I've seen them."

"And you'll suah come?"

"Yes, indeed. Did I ever promise you anything that I didn't do?" And following up her advantage, she won a faltering consent. Hurrying to the telephone she made arrangements for the removal, and before night the old black face beamed comfortably and contentedly from a snowy hospital bed. At the Bureau of Charities she discussed plans for the seventeen-year-old daughter during the mother's absence.

"We've started a new laundry school," said the office woman, "and it bids fair to be a great success. We have graduated twenty women already, who do fine work and get the highest wages. We take unskilled women and girls and give them the plainest work at first. Then we advance them through starching and fine ironing, and on to lace curtains and the finest lace and linen lingerie. A girl can earn enough to pay her expenses from the very first, and if she is quick and capable she will be able to earn three or four dollars a day when she graduates. We have plenty of work sent in from up town. The laundry has been self-supporting from the first."

"That will be just the thing for Phyllis. Now

I want a good safe home for a factory girl just come to the city."

"I think she can get board at the 'Co-operato.'"

"The—what?" demanded Miss Weise.

"That's a new coöperative boarding home for working girls. Miss Dalyrimple, who manages it, was a working girl herself who came into quite a fortune on the death of a relative, and has used it to build a model boarding home for girls who earn small wages. The matron is a charming, motherly woman, and the atmosphere is really homelike, and the board almost impossibly good for the price."

Miss Weise's next call revealed a dismal picture. A woman with stupid, bloodshot eyes and breath laden with the fumes of liquor, opened the door. It was Miss Weise's first call, but she had heard from the neighbors that the woman was a confirmed drunkard and would lie for hours in a drunken stupor while her baby cried itself into exhaustion. The situation demanded diplomacy. The woman was uncommunicative, but presently the feeble wail of an infant from a dark bedroom relieved the situation. In answer to Miss Weise's request the baby was produced. Miss Weise took the pitiful morsel in her arms. "Six months old? You mean six weeks, certainly!" she cried. There really seemed no body at all within the mass of dirty, damp calico, so frail and light was it. The face was old and weazened and the hands like the claws of some

unfledged bird. A wire hairpin, the ends doubled over and viciously sprawling, had been used to fasten the dress in the back, and the tender pink skin was scratched and torn.

The woman was too stupid to be reasoned with. "A case for the Humane Society," said Miss Weise to herself. "After a few months in the Inebriates' Home I'll see what I can do for her. I think they will take the baby in with the mother."

The woman's husband was an honest, hard-working man, heart-broken over the wreck of his home. He readily agreed to pay a part of the woman's expenses at the Home. The baby was turned over to a rosy-cheeked nurse in the freshest of stripes and smartest of caps. The stiffened, ill-smelling garments were stripped off, the little body was bathed, rubbed and powdered with deft hands, and, clean, warm and well-fed, it was laid comfortably away to wonder, if a six-months-old baby can wonder, what happy change had come into its wretched little existence.

Two white-haired old people living in two tiny rooms next received the sunshine of Miss Weise's presence. The "auld wife" sat in a wheeled chair. A spinal disease made it impossible for her to walk. The husband was bent and crippled with rheumatism, but considered himself able to do at least half a day's work in the cooper's shop whenever the weather permitted. But through all the winter they had absolutely no resources save the chance charity of

friends and a scanty dole of fuel from the county agent.

At Miss Weise's last visit they were rejoicing in a basketful of broken pieces of rich cake and a jar of pickles, the remains of a church festival. To-day they had only a little rice in the house, and no fuel with which to cook it.

"We don't get coal till the first of the month," the woman said, "and then it's such a little bit. Andrew is gone out to see if he can pick up some wood, but he's slow and rheumatically. But the Lord is good, He always provides," said the old woman patiently. "Like enough Andrew may get a day's work in the shops, and then we'll have more to eat."

"We won't take any chances on that," said Miss Weise, thinking comfortably of a five-dollar bill reposing in her pocketbook—a bill received that morning—the proceeds of a country social. "This is unendurable!" coming back to the subject of food. "You get sick from eating frosted cake one week and starve the next. Something must be done."

"Sometimes we've thought we'd better—go—somewhere," the old voice had a quaver in it. "The winter is so long and cold. But you see we've never been separated, Andrew and me, for fifty years and more. Andrew needs me, and I—I don't think I could live without him. We've talked it over and we thought we'd rather stay here together till the Lord gets ready to call us home."

"Yes; I don't mean the county-house—not for such as you. But we must plan something. I know hundreds of good people, if they were only within reach. But we'll see."

There was time for a chapter from the worn leather Bible, a little comforting heart talk and a prayer before Miss Weise hurried away, to return later with a basket of well-selected groceries.

"Mrs. Grannis," said Miss Weise, interrupting her trembling gratitude, "I wish you'd do something for me. There's a woman living just a few doors from here who needs religion. I've talked to her, but I can't seem to make much impression. She's had a lot of trouble and she thinks I don't quite understand. She needs work, too—scrubbing and cleaning—for she has an invalid daughter, and there are so few about here who can hire. I want to have her come over here once or twice a week to scrub your floor and do your bit of washing or anything else that you need done and cannot do yourself. Now, don't protest until I tell you the rest. Of course I'll pay her. I have a little money for such purposes. But I want you to be a missionary to her. Do you see? Tell her about your boy who was drowned and the one who ran away from home, and the daughter you buried in the old country, and she'll know that you understand. Then when she sees that you have something that comforts you and makes you strong and patient—for it really does, you dear woman—I think she will want it, too. Will you let me send her?"

“Oh, Miss Weise, I'd be so glad to think——”

“Then it's settled. She'll make your rooms spick and span, and you're to set her a shining example of sweetness and patience—just as you do me—and speak a word for the Master if the opportunity comes.” And she hurried away to make arrangements for a regular weekly visitor at the Grannis's.

“How do you ever manage to accomplish so much with one pair of hands?” demanded once a friend of Miss Weise's.

“With one pair of hands? I don't!” she responded. “I tried once working with one pair of hands, and I nearly broke my heart over it. Now I work with hundreds of hands, and scores and dozens of brains, better ones than mine, too. I am in league with the powers of earth and air—and heaven, too, I trust. Governments and dominions, principalities and powers help to carry out my wishes.”

The only answer was a bewildered look at which Miss Weise laughed merrily, and went on:

“Don't you understand? Take those boxes of flowers, for instance, that I distributed among the children of the sewing-school this afternoon. Last night they were blooming in country gardens fifty miles away. To-night they are bestowing their beauty and perfume in a hundred tenement homes. Could I have done it with one pair of hands? Perhaps a dozen pairs picked and packed them for me. While I slept the railroads whirled

them over the intervening miles, to be delivered into my hands by swift messengers, without effort or cost to myself. That's the work of the Flower Mission. The district nurse helps me take care of my sick people or the hospitals take them off my hands altogether. Truant officers and probation officers help me with my wayward children; and the settlements and missions and Salvation Army help me look after their souls. When other resources fail, the Bureau of Associated Charities can always suggest something. It is a Bureau of wonderful expedients, I assure you. It has eyes and ears and hands everywhere. It can touch all sorts of springs and set going all sorts of wheels. Sometimes it takes a dozen different institutions to save one family. There are the Billingses. Their history began when little Ulrica wandered into my children's meeting one day. She was an interesting child in spite of her tangled hair and dirty face. She came two or three times and then stopped, so I looked her up. That was one of the dreariest homes I ever saw. The father had been sick for months, and had no prospect of being any better. The mother—well, if you ever saw a picture of abject hopelessness it was she. The children begged or picked up things wherever they could find them. A fourteen-year-old girl looked as if she was in the first stages of consumption, and all five were poorly nourished, and as lawless and irresponsible as little Ishmaelites. I think at first my ambitions never reached so high as the re-

demption of the home—it seemed so hopeless. I only tried the first thing that promised relief. I got the father into a hospital, which relieved the family of his care. To my delight he was not only greatly improved in health, but soundly converted. Then, through the aid of the kindergarten and day nursery, the two youngest children were taken care of, and through the Bureau of Charities we found work for the woman at wages that would about half support the family. The Bureau also sent the invalid daughter into a country home for a time, where the pure air and more wholesome living made a wonderful change in her.

“We had any amount of trouble to keep the older children in school. Over and over again the woman would give up her work and let the children remain at home because it was too cold or too warm, or because they didn’t want to go, or because the other children teased them, or they hadn’t clothes to wear. If I had been working alone I should have given them up long before I began to see results, but fortunately we never all became disheartened at once. The kindergarten encouraged the mission, and the cooking-teacher said to the charity-visitor, ‘Be of good cheer.’ A circle of the King’s Daughters in my home town who often helped me in emergencies, sent some new bedding and clothing for the children. The father was in the hospital for months, but after he came home we found he was a skillful wood-carver, and, though he was not able to go

to the shops, we made arrangements for him to work at home and earn considerable. We kept the children interested in the work at the mission, and they became members of the Sunday-school. To make a five-years-story short, the man and his wife and the two oldest children are now members of the church, and the two younger children are coming along. Two of the children are working, and the family is entirely self-supporting, fairly clean, and thoroughly self-respecting. But it took the combined efforts of half a dozen different organizations, and the patient, prayerful, persistent, personal attention of at least one individual to accomplish it. But when one thinks of all the outgoing influences from one family, one must believe it pays."

Miss Weise paused, and then went on hesitatingly:

"Sometimes I have thought that the trinity idea of body, soul and spirit runs through everything. Charity, as the word is used nowadays, means simply the giving of relief, and in that sense the great charity organizations furnish the body of mission-work—eyes to see, feet to run, hands to do. Settlements and other social enterprises must be the soul of the machine, linking body and spirit together, and the spirit——"

"I suppose the church represents that," said the friend curiously.

"Perhaps,—to carry out the analogy; but who can tell just where the spirit abides? We do not know in the human organism, nor in the cosmic.

Perhaps it is everywhere, and pervades all. Certainly, the same spirit that gives power to the church should also inspire every department of charitable effort. God is love, and charity in its original conception was love, though the mere giving of money or material things, in the complicated relations of modern life, may mean almost anything else than love. But as the body without the spirit is dead, so charity without love produces only social dissolution and decay. It needs the gift of life, personal service, interest and sympathy to interpret to the estranged masses the love which the churches profess.

“It has been a wonderful experience to me,” Miss Weise went on still more thoughtfully, “this definite purpose to live for the help of others rather than for self. It has seemed almost like a new birth, bringing me into changed relations with the world and, I think, with God. I find myself no longer an isolated individual, whose chief aim is the preservation of my own life and happiness, but a part of a great organism, whose members are all working towards the same end—the end for which we pray when we say, ‘Thy kingdom come.’ It matters little to me now whether my own efforts are appreciated or applauded, or not, or whether I am able to see any results at all. I know I am part of a Whole whose success is certain because God is in it. If I can help in my own place and way that is enough. I am glad for every institution whose object is the bettering of either bodies or souls,

whether it aims to help individuals or masses. Its success is mine, because we work to the same ends.

“This may seem an old truth to have come so like a revelation, but we can only learn a truth by living it. I believe this is the great truth that the present century is to demonstrate, though it is a truth two thousand years old.

“It is all told in those words that have always been so familiar, and have lately become so much to me, ‘Ye are the body of Christ.’ There is the coöperation and interdependence of the members one upon another, so that the settlement cannot say to the mission, ‘I have no need of thee,’ nor the church to the Social Improvement Club, ‘I have no need of thee.’ Every good work is needed for what it may accomplish, and is necessary for the perfecting of the whole.

“But greater even than the coöperation among the members is the coöperation between the human and the divine, between the body and the Spirit. We are ‘workers together with God.’ Realizing this, we do not need to measure results. All we have to do is to be in our place, to be in harmony with the whole, and doing the work to which we are called. Christ is the Head, and we can leave the results with Him.”

BIBLE LESSON

MEMBERS OF THE BODY OF CHRIST

Read 1 Cor. 12: 4-31; reading if possible in the Twentieth

Century Testament which, by putting them into modern English, often throws new light upon familiar passages.

Observe how Paul emphasizes and enlarges upon this idea of the Body of Christ in Romans 12: 5; Eph. 4: 11-13; 5: 29-30; Col. 1: 24.

For the union with Christ as the Head see "Head of the Body," Eph. 1: 22, 23; 4: 15, 16; Col. 1: 18; "Partakers of the Divine Nature," 2 Peter 1: 4; "Sons of God," 1 John 3: 2.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What special reason for discouragement had Miss Octavia Weise, after her six months' experience as friendly visitor?
2. What was she attempting to do?
3. After five years' experience how had she modified her plans of work?
4. What difficulty did she meet in classifying her people as "worthy" or "unworthy" cases?
5. What assistance did she require in dealing with vagrant and truant children?
6. How did she meet the problems of child labor?
7. How was the appeal made to parents and teachers as well as to employers?
8. What aid was received from the Woman's Protective Association?
9. Describe the typical case of Mr. Mallory. Upon what principle was the remedy applied?
10. How was an implacable landlord turned to good account in the case of "Auntie"?
11. What was done with the drunken mother and baby?
12. What were some of the results of haphazard charity as typified by the experience of the aged couple?
13. How many and what societies combined to work for the redemption of the Billings family? Would their help have

been available without the patient, persistent attention of an individual?

14. What is comprehended in the conception of the church as the Body of Christ?

COLLATERAL READING

Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy, Joseph Lee, with introduction by Jacob Riis. Macmillan. \$1.00 net.

The Development of Thrift, Mary Wilcox Brown, General Secretary Children's Aid Society, Baltimore.

American Charities, A. G. Warner.

Charities, a weekly journal of local and general philanthropy. Indispensable to students and workers in city fields. The first issue of each month is a magazine number. \$2.00 a year. Editor, Edward T. Devine, 105 E. Twenty-second St., New York City.

The Proceedings of the National and International Conferences of Charities, Corrections, and Philanthropy, constitute the best possible authority on charities. Published by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

Charity and Home Making, Mary E. Richmond, in *Charities Review*, Vol. VI, No. 2.

Married Vagabonds, Mary E. Richmond, in Proceedings of Twenty-second National Conference of Charities.

What to Do, Social Law of Service, Richard T. Ely, Chapter XIII. Eaton & Mains. 90 cents.

The New Era, Chapters XIV and XV.

Provincialism in Charity, Jeffrey R. Brackett in *The Commons*, June, 1904.

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